Beauty advice from 'Pavlova' the incomparable.

Pavlova, peerless queen of the Russian Ballet, happy possessor of everlasting youth, has found *Pond's Vanishing Cream* valuable above all other creams as a skin beautifier.

Madame Pavlova praises Pond's. She says:
"I have used Pond's Vanishing Cream and find it very good for softening and whitening my skin."

A beautifier that gives *naturally* to the skin the smooth whiteness of alabaster and the faint perfume of roses—a beautifier that also protects against sun and wind. And just as the great danseuse has found *Pond's Vanishing Cream*, so every other woman and girl will find it—an invaluable help either to the retention of complexion beauty or its attainment.

Supplementary to the daily use of Pond's Vanishing Cream is the beneficial nightly massage with *Pond's Cold Cream*. Gentle massage with this Cream thoroughly cleanses the skin by removing dust and impurities from clogged pores, and eliminates all lines by feeding the underlying tissue. Thus the natural contours and the delicate complexion of the face retain their youthful beauty.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

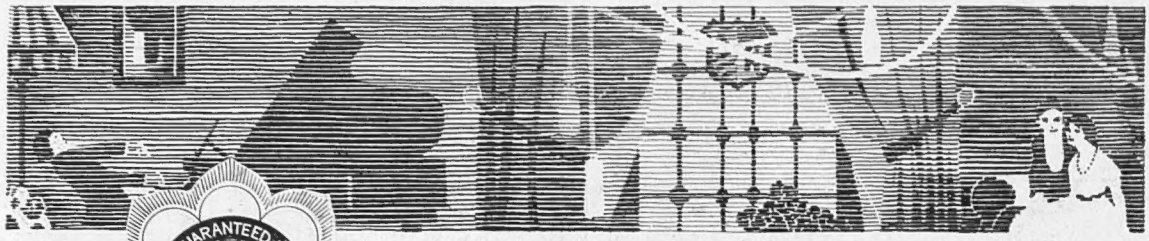
FREE SAMPLES *Pond's Extract Company will send, on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream containing a liberal supply.*

POND'S CREAMS *Both Creams are obtainable from all chemists and Stores in opal jars at 1/3 and 2/6 and in tubes at 7½d. (handbag size) and 1 -. The Cold Cream also in extra large tubes 2/6.*

FOR MEN'S USE *The use of Pond's Vanishing Cream after shaving not only is delightful, but keeps the skin smooth and in perfect condition and makes the next shave easier.*

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 103, St. John Street, London, E.C.1.

Pond's Vanishing Cream



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Artistry in the blending of colour harmony throughout every room is a fascinating subject. Nothing adds so much to the general attractiveness as furnishing fabrics. To express your individuality and taste use "Solprufe" dyed fabrics. The colours never fade and their subtle shades will add an elegance and charm wherever used. "Solprufe" is guaranteed fast to sun and washing.

"Solprufe" is unequalled for casement curtains and general furnishings and is well adapted for men's, women's and children's garments. There are over forty beautiful shades obtainable from your local drapery or furnishing stores.

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Guarantees Cotton Fabrics Fadeless

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

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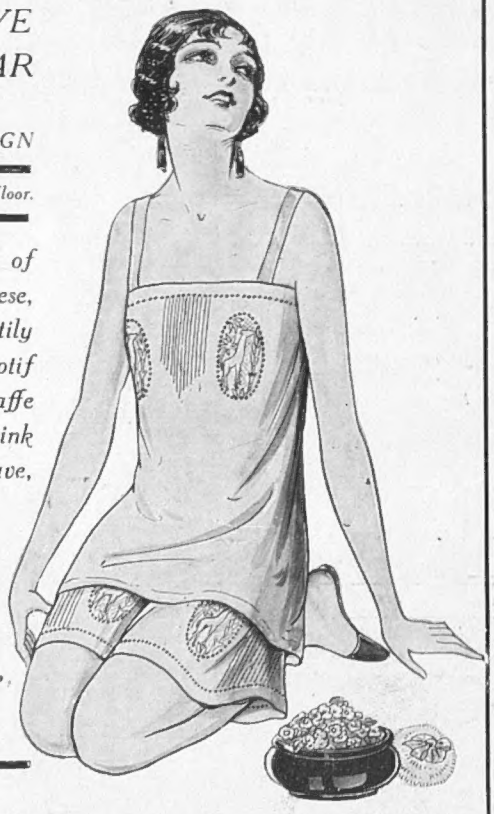
Hosiery Dept., Ground Floor.

***Charming Vest** of pure silk Milanese, good fitting, prettily tucked with net motif in unique giraffe design in White, Pink Peach, Sky, Mauve, Apple Green.*

PRICE
19/6

Knickers to match, 24/6



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OBTAINABLE FROM STOCK
FOR PLEASURE
FOR COMFORT
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FITTED with the famous "Kelvin" or "Kelvin Sleeve" Engines, correctly installed and carefully tested afloat by the actual manufacturers, the range of KELVIN Launches offer a wide choice of skilfully designed and reliably constructed craft suitable for sea and river service. Our Catalogue, containing informative diagrams and full particulars, will be sent immediately upon request. 25 to 30 finished hulls are usually carried in stock so that the more popular models are always available for immediate delivery.

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DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

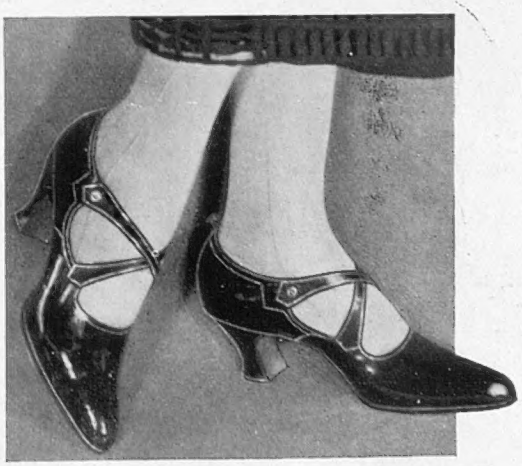
RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

X2757 Cinnamon suede One-bar button shoe, with Tan Willow cap, bar and collar. Military heel. Welt. In 2, 3 & 4 fittings. Also in Tan Willow & Patent **42/6**

3700 A silver Brocade One-bar shoe, with new low Louis XV heel. Also in Gold Brocade - - **35/6**



X193 An exceedingly attractive shoe with patent Cross bar, and smart toe. High Louis XV heel - - **55/-**

THE beauty that lies in a fine shoe can only be fully appreciated when it is properly chosen to harmonise with the rest of one's costume.

At the Fashion Shoe Shop in Oxford Street the staff has been specially trained to give every assistance to customers in matching dresses, while new shoe models are always designed to be in accordance with the trend of fashion.

Whether an advanced mode or the most conservative taste is in question there is always a shoe to be found to meet the occasion.

A new catalogue of Fashion Shoes is to be issued immediately. A copy can be had, post free, on request. Write for Catalogue 'B'

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Q20

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Distinctive in design, reliable in material, moderate in price—a pair of Gooch shoes will emphasize the smartness of your Autumn toilette. And the wide range of sizes and fittings ensures perfection of fit for every foot.

Dainty boudoir slipper in fine quality suède. Lined white kid; leather sole. In saxe, red, black, green, tan, and purple. ½ sizes 4 to 8 PRICE **16/9**

One strap dance shoe in superior quality black satin. Louis XV heels, and smart medium toe. ½ sizes 3 to 8.

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Country Shoe in brown Calf Leather, half brogued with welted soles and leather heels. ½ sizes 3 to 8.

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Also black Box Calf same price.

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THAT CAN BE RELIED UPON WITH EVERY CONFIDENCE.

K. 76. "Kayser" Famous knit silk lisle feet and tops in Black, White, Brown, Silver, Pearl, Platinum, Grey, Chaire, Sunset, Fawn, Pongee, Camel, Beige.

8/11 per pair

Also the well-known Marvel stripe ladder stop, all silk in the same colours **14/6** per pair.

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K2. Our well-known Maximum Silk Holeproof has given entire satisfaction to thousands of our customers. In Black, White, Light and Dark Nude, Peach, Sunburn, Champagne, Fawn, Pongee, Sand, Beige, Beaver, Light Tan, Brown, Nigger, Dark Beaver, Tinsel, Silver, Silver Grey, Mid Grey and Mole.

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Or 3 pairs for **17/6.**

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Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

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FURS
OF RELIABLE QUALITY

Made from carefully selected skins in the most becoming shapes by highly skilled furriers.

***Charming Wrap** of Dyed Japanese Mink of an exceptionally good colour.*

PRICE
85 Gns.

Furs at Summer Prices

Our varied stock of high-class Furs and Fur Coats, which includes the new Winter Models, will be sold at Special Summer Prices until the end of September. Any purchase made now will be stored free of charge until required.

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DEEP DELICIOUS BRUSHING

THE SCALP tingles with the sharp enjoyment of its personal touch. The Meritor Hair Brush comes to closer quarters with your hair than any brush you ever had before. Every Meritor Hair Brush is trained, shaped and qualified to get down to the very roots. It places its nimble feet upon the scalp and then it begins to brush; driving before it all the smoke and dust of the day; turning up the dim lights of the hair and making them shine; burnishing as well as brushing. The brushing of the Meritor Hair Brush is deep delicious brushing. It stimulates and glorifies the hair.

MERITOR

BRUSHES are guaranteed

S. MAW, SON & SONS Ltd.
Aldersgate St., LONDON
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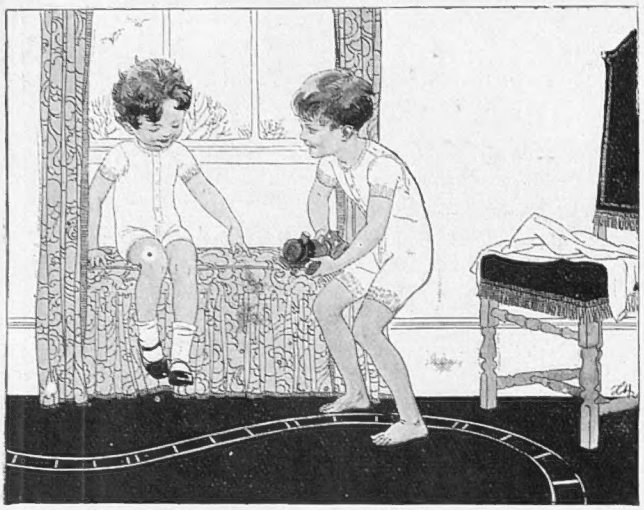
British made: for Ladies and for Men.

Sold only by Chemists: prices 8/6 to 18/6



CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN

Discriminating mothers do not choose Chilprufe for its beauty alone. Its caressing all-wool fabric, to which an enduringly silky sheen has been imparted, gives ample protection against chill during the uncertain winter months. So attractive in cut and finish; yet surprisingly sturdy in wear.

There is Chilprufe for every need in underwear—for every child, however young.

EASILY WASHED
UNSHRINKABLE
AND VERY DURABLE

CHILPRUFE for LADIES

To those ladies who know Chilprufe for Children little need be said of its wonderful durability. In cut and style Chilprufe for Ladies conforms to present modes, and there are garments for all occasions.

Pure silk laces are used, giving that final touch of refinement which ladies are so quick to appreciate.

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A REVELATION OF COMFORT.

COLOURS:
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The Most Reasonable Terms.
Apply for Season Terms (July-Sept.)

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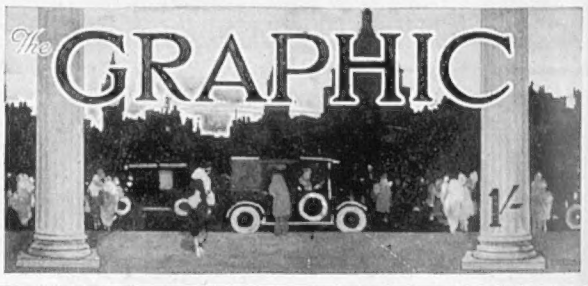
The Creamiest Custard
PACKETS FOR ALL POCKETS 1d 1½d 4d 9½d 11½d



"The Graphic" of September 27 will contain the opening instalment of a

GREAT NEW SERIAL

"Watling's for Worth"

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

"The Graphic" has always been famous for its serials—it had Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—and "Watling's for Worth" is one of the best that has ever appeared in this famous journal. It is an intensely human story of "big business," written with great power and charm.

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SAVE money by buying your Furs in the City from the actual manufacturers at Wholesale Price. You want the best value—we give it. Call and inspect our stock.

Write for beautifully Illustrated New Season's Catalogue Post Free.

The lovely Wrap illustrated is of **SABLE FITCH** from fine quality, whole selected skins. The colour is a soft sable brown equal in appearance and wear to finest Genuine Sable. Very soft light in weight and is most becoming. Well made, lined silk and fully guaranteed.

WHOLESALE CITY PRICE 15 Gns.

EXAMPLES OF OUR VALUE. GNS.

Natural Skunk Wraps Will wear a lifetime .. **12½**

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Seal Coney Coats Trimmed natural skunk **21**

Any article sent on approval Money returned in full if not completely satisfied

We specialise in the renovation and remodelling of old Furs and gladly give estimates, suggestions and sketches free or charge. Send your old Furs to us.

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We have no shop: Our Showrooms are on the 1st & 2nd Floors

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Model A1946.

For whatever purpose an Overcoat or Weatherproof is needed, there is just the right model to be had at Burberrys.

Selection can be made from an endless variety of models, ranging from lightest Weatherproofs to thickest blizzard-proof Travel Coats.

PROOFED BY BURBERRYS

these Overcoats prevent rain penetrating or even saturation, so that wearing a 'Burberry,' one is absolutely independent of weather.

BURBERRY OVERCOATS

although weather-resisting, still possess the natural ventilating properties common to woven fabrics, which are essential to health and comfort.

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By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN

By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

LITTLE GIRLS' COATS

OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

Our Children's Outfitting Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and has a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all its productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and made by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

SMART COAT (as sketch) for little girl in Navy/White, flecked pilot cloth, the cape which is cut to give panel effect at the back being piped in begonia red and white, the buttons are also in these colourings, lined silk and interlined.

Size for 2 years .. **7½ Gns**
" " 3 " .. **8 Gns**
" " 4 " .. **8½ Gns**
" " 5 " .. **9 Gns**

HAT to match, 69/6

Sent on approval.

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Catalogue post free

Highland as the Heather!

LORN HOSE

—for Ladies' wear; Scotch-knit in finest Scotch Fingering; the overchecks give these stockings smart distinction; shades to go with all the Tweeds. **13/9**

☞ *3 pairs for* **40/6**

IN CASHMERE WOOL:—the same tasteful effects are carried out. Per pair **10/6**

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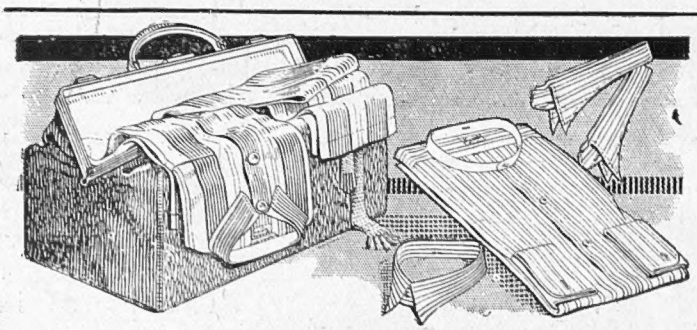
BROGUES:—Black or Tan ... **45/9**

CHALMERS OBAN



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"Luvisca" SHIRTS
PYJAMAS and SOFT COLLARS

THEIR silky sheen and modest designs are refined. They hold a distinctive ***freshness***, despite frequent washing. Not easily crumpled or soiled, more durable than silk — at far less cost — they ensure dignity and comfort by day and night.

The "LUVISCA" Name Tab on each garment is your guarantee. None genuine without.

IF any difficulty in obtaining "LUVISCA" Shirts, Pyjamas and Soft Collars, write to COURTAULDS, LTD. (Dept. 8M), 19, Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2, who will send you name of your nearest retailer and descriptive booklet.

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

This perfectly fitting Gooch corselet is most helpful in gaining the sheath-like silhouette. Comfortable in wear; easy, supple, and correct in outline, the model shown is only one of the Gooch selection, which, as always, offers very wide choice at prices which mean exceptional value.

Perfect-fitting Corselet in a firm soft pink silk tricot. The brassière in shadow stripe silk stockinette fits closely, giving perfect symmetry to the figure without compression. Bound at top with good quality satin ribbon. Fitted with six suspenders, Bust measurements only are required for this corselet. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches.

PRICE
59/6

Similar design in Tricot in pink or white, **19/11.** Postage 6d. extra.

GOOCHS Ltd
BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

The
GRAFTON
FUR Co., LTD.
are now prepared with their
New Models
for the
Autumn
and invite the favour of an Early Visit of Inspection.

REMODELLING OF FURS

A special feature is made of Remodelling and Ladies' own wishes are carefully studied and carried out by thoroughly experienced Furriers.

Smart Model (as illustration) in American Broadtail trimmed pulled Skunk - - £80

164
New Bond St.
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Sunday Times

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THE SUNDAY TIMES makes a direct appeal to all classes of readers.

Its Home and Foreign News is full and comprehensive and presented without sensationalism.

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And to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

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Colours must be seen and textures handled to judge the merits of Eiderscutum. Patterns dispatched post-haste on mention of *The Bystander*.

Price

£9 9 0
Single-breasted.

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Double-breasted (as illustrated).

Ladies' Coats same prices.

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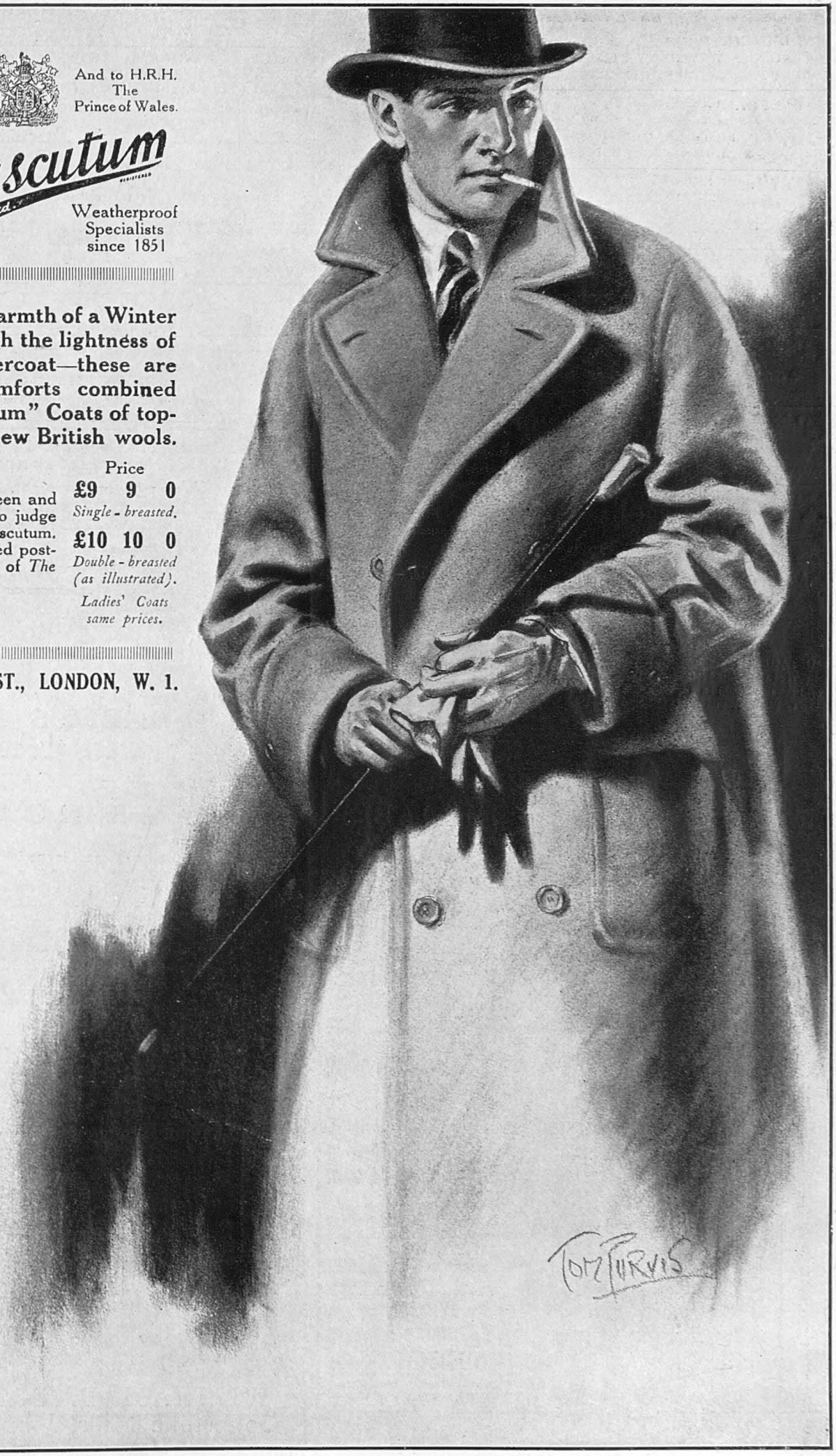

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Nightly at 8. Matinées, Thursday and Saturday at 2.15.
Seats also booked at this Theatre for Gaiety and Apollo.

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A New Musical Comedy.
Evenings at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.15.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Evgs. at 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.30.
"THE PUNCH-BOWL."
"A delight to the eye, to the ear and also to the intelligence."—*The Times.*
ALFRED LESTER. Blaney and Farrar. Billy Leonard.

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New Musical Comedy, "POPPY."
ANNIE CROFT, LUELLA GEAR, REGINALD SHARLAND and W. H. BERRY.
Seats booked at this Theatre for Adelphi and Apollo.

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W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S Sensational Play, "OUR BETTERS."
MARGARET BANNERMAN. CONSTANCE COLLIER.
STUART SAGE. RONALD SQUIRE. ARTHUR WELLESLEY. HENRY WENMAN,

KINGSWAY. (Ger. 4032) A Revue YOICKS!
NIGHTLY 8.30. MATINÉE, THURS. & SATS, 2.30. Smoking permitted.
MARJORIE GORDON DONALD CALTHROP
Ruth Maitland, Mary Leigh, Marriott Edgar.

PALACE. (Gerrard 6834). Evenings at 8.30. Matinées, Wed. & Sat. at 2.30.
"THE CO-OPTIMISTS."
(8th New Programme). 4th Year—Going on for ever.
"Brighter and more brilliant than ever."—*Daily Sketch.*

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Our Fur Department contains an exceptional variety of Model Fur Coats, Wraps and Sets designed by our own artists, and adapted from the most exclusive Paris Models, all worked from skins which have been carefully matched and graded by our fur expert. Customers can rely with the utmost confidence upon our Furs, as practically every garment is worked in our own factory by skilled British furriers, under expert supervision.

The Furs most in demand this season consist of Natural Mink, Persian Lamb, Broadtail, Natural Grey Squirrel, and Nutria.

The New Fur Ties consist of long straight scarves in Sable, Mink, Pine Marten, Fitch and Fox, in many beautiful new dyes.

The greatest care is taken to provide thoroughly reliable pelts at the lowest possible prices, combined with refinement of taste, and the highest grade of manufacture.

NEW MODEL FUR COAT worked from selected Seal Musquash Skins with collar, cuffs and flounce of finest quality natural skunk lined fancy satin broche.

PRICE **119 Gns.**

Same shape in British Moleskin, trimmed Mole-dyed kitt Fox.
Price **98 Gns.**

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The only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER
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Specialities: Filet de Sole, Rognons Beaugé, Poularde Suédoise, Bécasse Flambé.

TROIKA MONTMARTRE
26 RUE FONTAINE.
Russian Cabaret after Midnight. Wine and Song.

There's no breaking this famous Lace

THIS advertisement is specially for those who, whenever they break a lace at an inconvenient time (and does it ever happen otherwise?), blame the manufacturer for turning out a rubbishy product. That they themselves may be to blame for accepting anything offered in the belief that a penny or two pence should buy a pair of excellent quality laces is entirely overlooked.

In making Paton's "33" lace, several hundred strands and over a quarter mile of the highest grade thread are used. The tags are also noteworthy. Fitted by a patent process they cannot come off. The dyes used are the finest made, and in every detail this lace is as perfect as a lace can be.

Paton's "33" Lace both looks and feels good, and its infinite superiority over the cheap unbranded lace is obvious at a glance. It will save you all trouble on account of breaking or shabby laces.

Paton's "33" Lace *is made in Ladies' Boot, Gents' Boot, Tubular Shoe, Flat Shoe shapes, in two shades, black and tan, and*
sold everywhere at 4d. per pair
In case you have difficulty in obtaining write direct to the Mills enclosing 4d., 8d., or 1/- for one, two or three pairs as desired. State colour required and whether for boots or shoes.

PATON'S "33" LACES
See the band —on every pair
WILLIAM PATON LIMITED,
Johnstone Mills, Johnstone, Scotland.

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY'S WEAR

PETER ROBINSON

Millinery is not sent on approval.

192. Attractive Hat in Panne Velvet, trimmed pleated ribbon fan across back. In black, brown or navy. 57/-

194. Cosy Hat in Panne Velvet with small brim, trimmed attractively with ribbon and ornament. In black, brown, royal, violet or fuchsia. 67/-

235. Dainty Artificial Silk Coat in smart all over jacquard design. The collar is fastened with narrow tie as sketch. In many of this season's beautiful colourings, including black and white. 63/-

Peter Robinson, Ltd., Oxford St. & Regent St., W.1

THE FASHION FOR

FUR NECKWEAR

"BLENDED BAUM MARTEN"

Intending purchasers are strongly advised to inspect our stock before coming to a final decision. Practically every garment that we offer for sale is worked on the premises by our own highly skilled furriers from carefully selected skins. By handling the skins from the raw state up to the finished article we detect and reject all inferior skins, and at the same time eliminate all intermediate profits, and therefore, claim with the utmost confidence that the values that we offer are absolutely unbeatable. The Shape illustrated is an exclusive design prepared for the forthcoming season.

FASHIONABLE WHOLE SKIN BLENDED BAUM MARTEN TIES (as sketch) worked from large fully silky skins.

PRICE FROM

11½ Gns.

The same shape in natural stone marten, from **11½ Gns.**
In shaded Canadian sable, from **15 Gns.**
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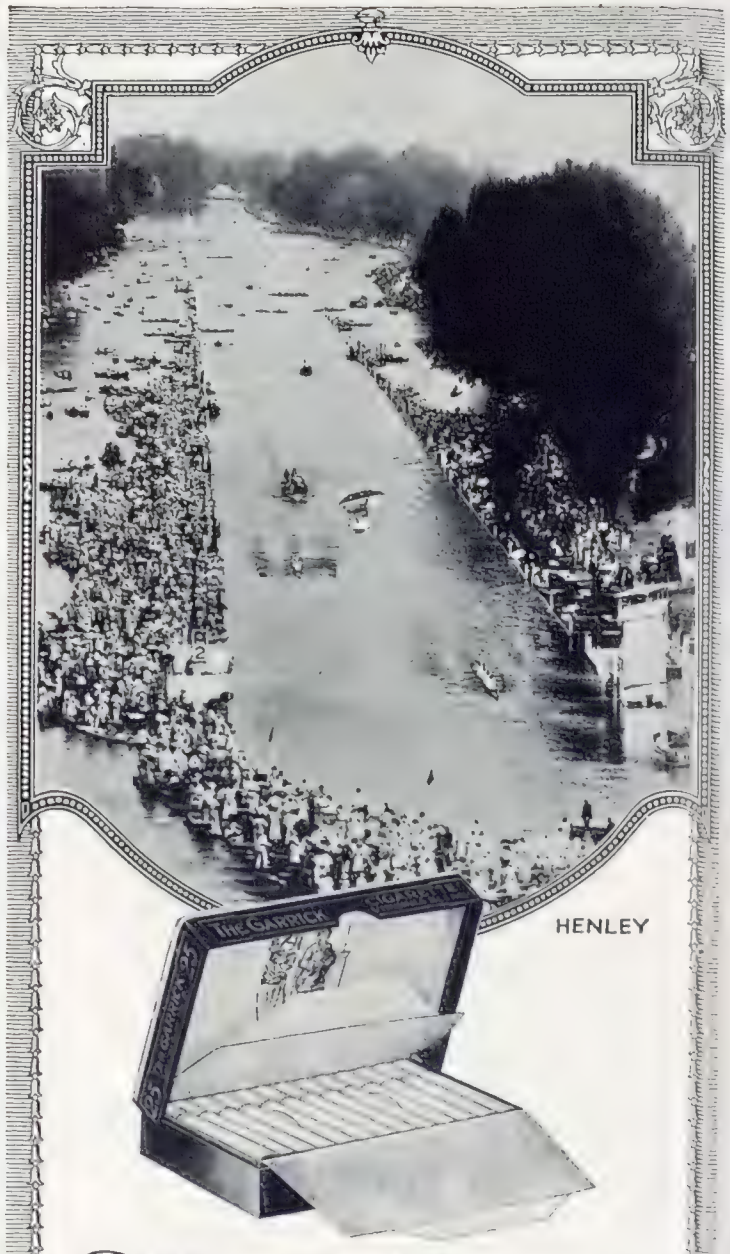

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The Bystander, September 24, 1924 No. 1086. Vol. LXXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Speaight*

MISS GERTRUDE BELLINGHAM

The daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Edward and Lady Bellingham of Castle Bellingham, Co. Louth. Her father, who is Lord-Lieutenant of Co. Louth, was taken prisoner in the War

THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN

Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

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THE MONARCH OF WHISKIES

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DEWAR'S

Six Supermen

SHOULD we be downcast about our recent lack of success in the world of international sport? Surely not! I, for one, refuse to don the sackcloth, and you may take me to the ash-pit but you cannot make me eat. After all, the British attitude that sport is a recreation for the healthy exercise of the body and the relaxation of the mind is founded on a very proper appreciation of the true facts of the case. Specialisation in sport may breed half-a-dozen supermen who may defeat the six supermen produced by any other country, but that is not to say that the winning team has the most sporting country at its back. We don't settle our wars by sending six selected champions to tilt with a similar number of the enemy. There was a rare clash of experts, and all honour to them, ten years ago, but it was the half-trained amateur who eventually won the Peace and saved the world for democracy—confound him!

Specialised Sport

THE *Columbus Dispatch* has rather rubbed in our temporary set-backs in the pot-hunting game by showing Uncle Sam with his arms full of trophies. The old boy is looking tremendously bucked with himself, and asks John Bull if he can relieve him of any more little bits of plate. Our only consolation is that although the Yanks have collared the cups, they have (officially) nothing to put in them. And, as I have hinted, I don't attach so much importance to these international triumphs in specialised sport. So long as the hearts and heads of our young men are sound we needn't worry if an occasional pot is lifted from our sideboard. They'll be brought back again, never fear.

The Last of His Line

THE announcement that the visit of Dr. Bridges to the United States is arousing peculiar interest because of the rumour that he will be last of a long line of Poet Laureates, gives a topical touch to a passage in a current costume play. The King asks who is the present holder of the office:

ROCHESTER: Davenant, sire, but he never writes anything.

THE KING: That's a great merit in a Poet Laureate—we mustn't lose Davenant.

The Babel of Bards

MYSELF, I am all against the abolition of the post of Poet Laureate. So much rubbish is written that passes for poetry, that it would surely be a good thing to have a standard set by one clear voice calling through the babel of bards. And when the Laureate ceases to be articulate, let him hand his laurel crown to a younger man, who shall be elected by the unanimous voice of his fellows. That sounds difficult, I know, but if you once establish a precedent, it's wonderful how people fall into line and make the impossible come to pass. After all, there is a recognised head of nearly every recognised profession. Why should the profession of poesy lack a leader?

Breathless Criticism

A CRITIC—and a very able critic, too—has had the courage to attack the modern practice of damning a play in print before the tears of the author have had time to dry upon his cheek. He admits the occasions when "diffuseness, vain wanderings and

coarseness reveal the unqualified mind, but frequently a standard of concentration, expression and technique has been achieved without instantly ringing from the critic unstinted praise. Frankly, he must have more time .... A critic must have time—and again time."

Shifting Sands

THIS critic, who is by way of being new to the game, intrigues me. I should like to hear his considered opinion on many things. I should like to know what he considers the rock on which the edifice of criticism should be raised. At present we have nothing but shifting sands that bewilder and finally engulf us. What *is* the truth?

A Tell-Tale Table

RACING prophets are judged entirely by results. There is a "tell-tale table" by which they stand or fall. It is no excuse for a tipster to say: "In spite of its failure, the horse of my selection is a magnificent animal. It should have won. It was a better bred animal than the winner, and the fact that the latter won proves it to be a creature of no class." We can deal with a racing prophet, for he stands convicted by his obvious mistakes, but who is to nail the bad currency of the critic to the counter? There is no criterion in modern criticism. Every critic is entitled to say that he was right, with the result that false reputations are bolstered up, and we must endure the outpourings of inferior intellects until they impose themselves upon us by their self-confidence and constant repetition. Why can't we have a "tell-tale table" for critics?

"SOUR!" By Blam

Confoundedly Democratic

LOOKING through a list of the latest wills to see if I had been left any money, I found the name of the retired naval chaplain who was popularly supposed to have boxed the ears of our present King when the latter was a midshipman. And it occurred to me that the incident was not likely to be repeated; not because our future monarchs will live more sheltered lives, but because we are becoming so confoundedly democratic that no one would dare to lay his hands on a "snotty" save in the way of kindness. For while the young patrician may be well wallopped by an angry pedant, it would go hardly with the latter if he served the son of a dustman in similar fashion, and as we all tend to become equals it will become a crime to strike any young gentleman—even though he be only the son of a king.

Careless Kindness

BECAUSE three animals have died in a New Zealand Zoo, we are asked to believe that some wicked poisoner has been at work. Having spent much time in our own Zoological Gardens, I am amazed that all the inmates are not polished off in a very short period by the careless kindness of visitors. Animals have a marvellous instinct, however, for discarding unsuitable articles of diet, such as copper coins, corks and cigarette ends. They are much wiser than human beings in this respect. Children have a marked weakness for the poisonous berries that decorate the country at this time of year, but I doubt if there are many similar casualities among the furred and feathered tribes.

We Mustn't Be Greedy

A FEW days ago, I was going out of Waterloo Station as Jackie Coogan was coming in. There was a crowd of women through which each of us had to fight our way, and an elderly gent. sitting in the opposite corner of my carriage said that such hero-worship was disgraceful. Why disgraceful? Popular adoration is the reward for doing your job better than the next fellow, and if Jackie Coogan can wipe the eye of all the other juvenile film stars, he deserves his place in the sun. The same thing applies, I imagine, to that other youthful prodigy, Betty Nuthall, and the sooner we coin a suitable diminutive of hero to fit their respective cases, the better. The rising generation is holding out eager hands for the spoils, and we oldsters mustn't be greedy.

The New Bohemia

WHEN Old Odell bewails the passing of the Bohemia that he knew as a bright young lad of eighty or so, I wonder if he realises the subtle reason for the change. Most disgruntled bohemians blame the licensing restrictions for altering the face of the night life of the West End, but don't you believe it. The old Bohemia was a world of men and the new Bohemia is a world of women. In the dancing night clubs of to-day it is women who sets the pace, and the majority of men who accompany them are frankly bored with the experience. I don't blame the ladies for claiming their right to sit up late, but don't let us establish it as an axiom that man has been robbed of his bohemian birthright by the licensing magistrates who, believe me, are not entirely to blame.

The Hunting Season

OUR Autumn Sports Number, which is to be published next week, will include a Special Hunting Section, with special articles by well-known experts, including Mr. W. Coaten and Mr. Arthur Mills. A complete List of Foxhounds for 1924-5 is to be presented with the issue.

No Man's Land

BY E. T. REED

ASQUITH: "My dear Ramsay, now that we are within (ahem!) four years of a General Election, and there would appear to be much common and debatable ground between us—taking (ahem!) a *Liberal* view of the situation—what do you say to a little *Boundary Commission?*"

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph Central News

AT BELMONT PARK

The Prince of Wales and his party photographed at the Belmont Park races, during the Royal visit to New York

Photograph [Lafayette.

THE WINNING WAY

The Duke of Atholl presenting the Championship of the Highlands Cup to Mrs. Welsh at the recent lawn tennis tournament at Pitlochry

Royalty and the Dominions

ONCE upon a time, unless they went in an official capacity, the members of our Royal Family did not visit the Dominions. If they could find a few weeks leisure from public duties during the winter they invariably went to the Riviera, or on occasion made a little tour in Italy, Egypt, or Northern Africa. In these times, however, the Dominions seem growing in popularity as a Royal holiday ground for the winter, and very rightly so.

The Duke and Duchess of York are going to East Africa intent on big game; Princess Beatrice is going to South Africa to stay with Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught are going to India.

All these visits, added to the Prince of Wales casting the light of his smiling countenance on Calgary, are most happily inspired. We are all, desperately, the creatures of habit. We prattle about our forebears being "fubsies" and "Victorians," yet we go on doing, year after year, precisely what they did. Perhaps now that these various members of the Royal Family are breaking away from the accustomed rounds and are going off a-wintering in British possessions—and this is only possible with the consent of the King—a lot of other folk will find they can cheat the fog and cold quite as pleasantly in a nice warm Dominion, as they can at Nice or Cannes.

Another Royal sojourner in a Dominion, Dependency or Colony—I never know which is which—will be Lady Patricia Ramsay, who is going to Bermuda, where her husband's ship will be stationed.

Photograph Photopress

A COMING OF AGE HOUSE PARTY IN SCOTLAND

The House Party at Wishaw House, Lord Belhaven's Scottish seat, for the coming-of-age celebrations of his son, the Master of Belhaven, last week. Our photograph shows—Back row: The Master of Belhaven (left), Lord Belhaven, Lord Raglan, Mr. Hutton. Front row: Miss Heather Bell, Lady Raglan (Lord Belhaven's daughter), Lady Belhaven and Lady Birdwood

Still a "Possibility"

WALBURGA, LADY PAGET, is giving in the *Daily Telegraph*, under the title of "In My Tower," more of her vivid remembrances of *les jolis jours d'antan*. All her life Lady Paget has kept copious diaries and for years used to give her friends in Florence and elsewhere delightful evenings by reading aloud accounts of what had been going on behind the scenes in the great world in which she herself had been so dominating a figure. Since then the general public has had two volumes of her recollections. In one of these fresh instalments to the *Telegraph*, Lady Paget mentions a curious historical possibility which I do not remember ever being mentioned before.

Writing at the time when the death of his brother, the Grand Duke of

Saxe-Coburg (the Duke of Edinburgh), made the Duke of Connaught heir to that grand-ducal throne, Lady Paget says, "It appears that in case the son of the Count of Flanders were to die childless the Duke of Connaught would also be the next in succession to the Belgian throne. This will burst on the world as quite a new idea."

It is certainly new, and it is true. "The son of the Count of Flanders" is the present King Albert of the Belgians, and until he married and had a son the Duke of Connaught was his next heir because the first King of the Belgians, Leopold I, was the uncle of the Prince Consort. If the Belgian line of the Saxe-Coburg house failed, the succession would pass to the eldest surviving male in the Prince Consort's family *after* the sovereign of England. So, even now the Duke of Connaught stands third in succession to the Belgian throne.

Photograph *Central News*

A COUNTRY WEDDING

Mr. Cyril Bertram Mills (eldest son of Captain Bertram Mills the well-known lessee of Olympia Circus), and his bride, Miss Elsie C. Greene, leaving the Parish Church of Berkhamsted after their marriage last week

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

A SPORTING PAIR

Mr. Gilbert Greenall (the elder son of Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bt., a former Master of the Belvoir and a popular personality in sporting circles), and his bride, Miss Betty Crawford of Melton Mowbray, leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after their marriage. The bride is also well-known in the hunting field

Which is Correct?

LADY PAGET heard a different version from Lady Dunraven—whom she quotes—of the fall of the famous Louise, Duchess of Devonshire, when leaving Westminster Abbey after King Edward's coronation. She says, "The Duchess of Devonshire in her hurry to get to the front after the ceremony, forgot the steps, and, tightly laced as she always is, fell at the feet of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who was much frightened. Mrs. Asquith, who is always to the fore, picked her up while others collected the scattered jewels."

The version of this fall of the Duchess which ran all through the clubs and drawing-rooms, and which I remember was told me by someone who swore he had seen the incident, was this. When the Duchess reached the top of the flight of steps that led down to the door of the Abbey, she found the way barred by a gigantic Lifeguardsman, placed there with others of his resplendent kind to stem the tide of peers and peeresses surging towards the doors, in order to prevent an ugly crush.

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE BUTTS

Lord Hyde, one of Mr. Herbert Johnson's shooting party, at Invercauld, Ballater, Aberdeenshire

The Duchess ordered the soldier to let her pass. He told her he could not do so.

"Do you know who I am?" she asked, angrily. "I am the Duchess of Devonshire."

"I can't help who you are," said the guardsman. "My orders are not to let anyone pass until I get the signal. You must stay where you are until I get it!"

"I insist on passing!" cried the Duchess, at the same time giving a sharp push with both her hands on the man's cuirass.

Now, the Guardsman was standing on the edge of the top step, an impossible place for him to keep his balance under the sudden push from the infuriated Duchess.

Photograph *Sport and General*

A SHOOTING PARTY IN ABERDEENSHIRE

Mr. Dudley Docker's house party at Home Beat, Glenmuick, Ballater. Names: Back row: Sir James Remnant, M.P. (left), Mr J. F. Byrne, Mrs. Dudley Docker, Mr. F. Dudley Docker, C.B., Mr. Alex. Neilson, K.C., Mrs. J. F. Byrne, Lord Wargrave. Seated: Mr. Bernard Docker, Mrs. J. Remnant, and Mr. J. Remnant

Photograph REEL SPORT *[Sport and General*

Lady Apsley and Mrs. Baird of Elie salmon fishing on the River Dee at Invercauld, near Braemar

Over he went, backwards. And, as there was no resistance, Louise, double Duchess of Manchester and Devonshire, followed — headlong down the steps, wig, coronet, tiara, rolling in different directions. It was said at the time that this was the only occasion in her life when Louise Duchess

Photograph *British Illus.*

CUBBING DOWN IN DEVONSHIRE

The Hon. Sheila Bampfylde (daughter of Lord Poltimore, the Master) and Miss Timson out with the Dulverton on Exmoor on a recent cubbing meet at Westwater Bridge

of Devonshire, the most powerful person in society of the Edwardian time, ever looked ridiculous.

I wonder which of the two versions is correct? Lady Paget's or mine? Perhaps Mrs. Asquith could say.

The Inverness Meeting

LAST week the Scottish season touched its great moment with the Northern Meeting at Inverness. The whole of Northern Scotland gathers together for this meeting, which is unlike any other of its kind. There is a great gathering of the northern clans—Mackenzies, Macdonalds, Frasers, Murrays and Gordons. Apart from the usual Highland games, the big ball is the *clou* of the gathering. It is opened by a march of the clansmen, and they dance reels and strathspeys to those wonderful and never-tiring fingers of Miss Logan, without whom the Inverness Ball wouldn't be the Inverness Ball at all. I've forgotten how many years Miss Logan has played at the Inverness Ball, but I think I am right in saying it is nearer thirty than twenty.

People come from miles around for the meeting, and Inverness has all its hotels full and its streets gay with Scottish youth and beauty. And you do see some pretty girls at the Inverness Meeting.

Two W.'s

THE two chief topics of conversation this last week both begin with W. One is Westminster and the other is Wimborne.

It has been an open secret for some time past that large and spiky rocks were appearing in the Westminster matrimonial river, but the fact that the Duchess had applied for a divorce so long ago as June was not generally known. It transpired during the Duchess's action for right of access to Bourdon House, and, naturally, has set tongues a-wagging.

It is unfortunate for themselves and other people that some of our highly placed cannot arrange their domestic differences without calling in the whole world, through the newspapers, to hear their different versions of a quarrel. First, it is undignified, and second, in these days of brooding Socialism, it is dangerous.

Lord Wimborne's sudden return to

Photograph *Sport and General*

A COSY CORNER IN SCOTLAND

A group outside Invercauld House, near Braemar. Seated: Mrs. Baird of Elie (left), Lady Apsley, Miss Leicester-Warren; standing: Lady Somers, and Lady Caroline Agar

Photograph *Alfieri*

TRIAL TIME AT TIVERTON

Lord Vivian and Captain T. H. Ford, the official guns, at the Devon and Cornwall Pointer trials held at Tiverton last week

Photograph *J. Wilson Parker*

MISS CHRISTIE-MILLER, COL. THE HON. CHARLES COVENTRY, and MISS PAMELA COVENTRY

Europe from New York has started endless chatter about the polo team we sent to America. Likewise, it has given unpleasant point to our smashing defeat by the Americans. Only, here again, this discussion and recrimination in the face of defeat is—well, what shall I say?—I think "unfortunate" again covers the situation. I suppose we haven't heard the end of the business yet, as Lord Wimborne and Lord Wodehouse both seem to be thoroughly angry. And when people are angry they say all sorts of things that are not meant to get into the newspapers. However, it is a great pity. And if our team was so unrepresentative of our real quality, why make such a howl about it after defeat? To an outsider like myself it seems as if the clamour ought to have been made before the team left England.

A Curious Story

THE death of the Earl of Aylesford recalls a curious incident in the history of that peerage. The seventh Earl—the late peer's predecessor—was judicially separated from his wife. After the separation she gave birth to a son in Paris who was christened in London as the son of the seventh Earl of Aylesford and his wife, and was for a brief time styled Lord Guernsey, the courtesy title of the Aylesford heir.

COUGHING CUP RACES AT WARWICK

And some of those who saw what was left of the gees at Warwick, after the equine epidemic of "colds in the doze"

Photograph *J. Wilson Parker*

MISS E. LAWSON, CAPTAIN E. O'BRIEN and MISS SHEILA RAYNOR

Photograph *Alfieri*

LORD MANTON and MISS HELEN MUIR

The seventh Earl died in 1885. The House of Lords was called upon to decide the legitimacy of the separated Countess's son. The evidence was conclusive. Whoever his father might be did not concern the House of Lords, since the proofs of his illegitimacy were clear and absolute, but it concerned the society of the time mightily, and gossip gave the parentage to the Marquis of Blandford, afterwards eighth Duke of Marlborough, and father of the present Duke.

Whether gossip was right or wrong, the fact remained that the boy was not the son of Lord Aylesford, and the House of Lords, therefore, decided the succession in favour of his brother, the eighth Earl, whose death is just announced.

He is succeeded by his grandson, a boy of sixteen, whose father, Lord Guernsey, was killed in the War. The new Lord Aylesford's mother is a daughter of Lord De Ramsey. Her mother was a Spencer-Churchill and sister of that Marquis of Blandford whom gossip declared to be the father of the so-called Lord Guernsey who was declared illegitimate by the House of Lords.

Photograph *Alfieri*

MRS. NORMAN LODER AND COLONEL STARKIE

The Real Man

WHILST I was in Austria, I heard a story about the ex-Kaiser which I dismissed as one of the many after-the-event inventions. But after reading his letters to the Czar Alexander III, the father

Photograph *Alfieri*

MISS WOOD, LADY and LORD CHESHAM and MR. WEATHERBY

of the murdered Nicholas, which have been published in the *Westminster Gazette*, I have come to the conclusion that the story I heard was true. It was, baldly, to the effect that when the ex-Kaiser received the news of King Edward's death, he beat the table with his sound hand, crying exultingly, "At last! At last! My path is clear. God has removed the one obstacle!"

This is quite credible when you compare it with the letters he wrote to the Czar about his own father, the Emperor Frederick. After his visit to the Czar in 1884, on a mission cleverly arranged by Bismarck, he sent an account of his interview with his father on his return. He says, "My father lost all self-command. . . . There is no hateful adjective of which he did not make use in order to paint you in blacker colours. . . . . Then he gave me a sort of sketch of what ought to be our policy. This was indescribable balderdash."

Photograph *Central News*

FRESH "AYR"

The Hon. Olive Campbell, daughter of Lord and Lady Blythswood, with a friend, at the Western Meeting at Ayr—the most important of the season's racing fixtures North of the Tweed

Throughout the letters there is a strong note of dislike of King Edward, but all Queen Victoria's sons come under his ban, for, as a special favour to himself, he begs Czar Alexander to "mistrust your English uncles."

The Fate of Bretby

BRETBY HALL, in Derbyshire, has a close connection with Chesterfield House, Princess Mary's London home. Formerly both belonged to the Earls of Chesterfield. Some of the famous Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to His Son* were written from Bretby, and Disraeli was a frequent visitor there when it was occupied by the Lady Chesterfield for whom he had such a romantic attachment in his later years. Now, Bretby has been bought by the Derbyshire County Council, who are going to make it a convalescent home for consumptives. And so *Finis* is written across the history of another old English country house. It is sad, but it is better that Bretby should be put to this excellent service than remain derelict, or be pulled down.

Photograph *Central News*

A HIGHLAND HOLIDAY

Her Majesty the Queen, with the Duke and Duchess of York, in a sunny corner of the rock garden at Balmoral Castle

Photograph *Sport and General*

PERSONALITIES AT THE SCOTTISH DERBY

Lady Stanley and Major Fetherstonhaugh at the Western Meeting at Ayr

Coming Home to Roost

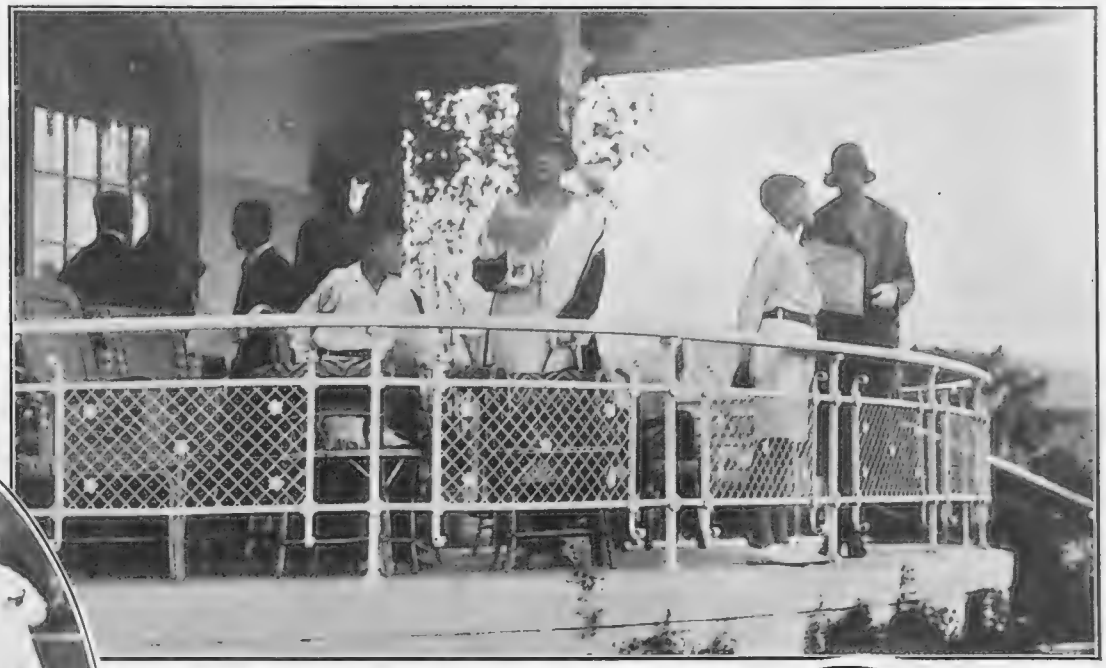
THERE have been a good many "best hated" politicians in England, but I doubt if anyone was more reviled or more cordially detested than the late Sir William Harcourt when he brought in his famous death duties. He himself lived to be badly hit by his own measure when he succeeded to Nuneham and Stanton Harcourt in Oxfordshire. It used to be said that he had to pay part of the duties out of his own fortune. At any rate, he complained bitterly of the heavy expense and his enemies declared that if he had thought of his possible succession to the Oxfordshire property his death duties would have been much less rigorous.

The news that Stanton Harcourt is to be sold, suggests that the Harcourt estate is again feeling the effect of death duties. The present Viscount Harcourt, the son of the first Viscount, "Lulu" Harcourt, is only sixteen, but five years is not a sufficiently long minority for the trustees of an estate to save the heavy sum due to the Government for duties. As a matter of fact, the Stanton Harcourt estate has cost more than it brought in, so its sale will probably kill two birds with one stone—provide some of the death duties and rid the young peer of a continual expense when he attains his majority.

After Long Years

A QUARTER of a century ago there was a brilliant wedding in New York of a British peer to an American. At the reception afterwards one of the bridesmaids said to an intimate friend, "I shall marry ———— (the bridegroom) one day." The friend laughed, thinking the bridesmaid, a famous beauty, was jesting. But she wasn't. She was in deadly earnest.

The bridesmaid received many offers of marriage, some of which would have given her a brilliant position, but she declined them all. And exactly twenty-six years after that wedding in New York she did marry the bridegroom. They say you can get anything in this world if you "concentrate" on that one thing. Did this lady, I wonder, "concentrate," steadily for a quarter of a century on this marriage, and so by sheer will-power bring it to pass, or was it just one of those odd coincidences that do happen sometimes in life?



A SUMMER HOUSE IN ANY SEASON

Her Majesty the Queen of Spain with her youngest son (in the foreground). The Queen went over to the San Sebastian races to see the Spanish Grand Prix

SOME SUNSHINE SEEKERS ON THE SHORES OF THE BAY OF BISCAY

Personalities at Biarritz and San Sebastian

RACING ENTHUSIASTS

The Duchesse Decazes and the Marquis de Coury d'Arsy. The Marquis is Chief Steward of the Spanish Racing Club

END OF THE SEASON AMENITIES

Miss Rosemary Howe, of Philadelphia, at Biarritz

Photographs *Keystone*

RACE QUESTIONS

A "league of nations" gathering at the San Sebastian races, including Lord Dunedin and Mr. A. P. Moore, the United States Ambassador to Spain

Others Have Felt It

AFOND, if foolish, father gave his small daughter some cherry brandy after luncheon.

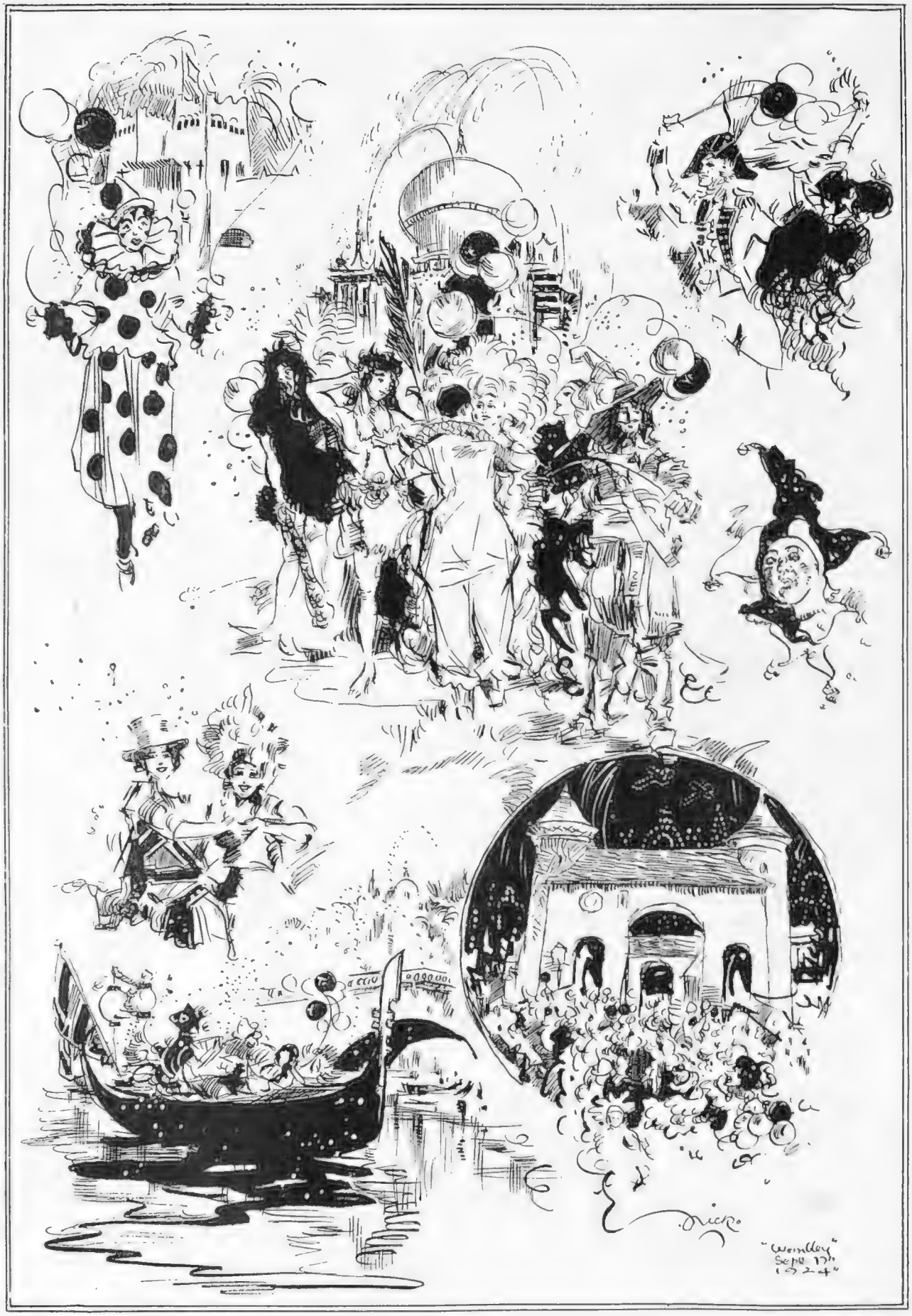
"Darling! Darling! I hope it hasn't made you feel ill?" cried the horrified mother.

"No, Mummy, I'se very comf'able. It's lovely. Just like central heating!" answered the beaming child.

To Our Readers Abroad

THE Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

Some Wembley Flights of Fancy Dress



BY NICK

Impressions of the gay Wembley Carnival which proved such a big attraction at the Exhibition last week, and will doubtless be just as popular this week. Processions, *grotesqueries*, lake-sports, beauty competitions, dancing, sing-songs, fancy-dress prizes, and an embarrassing spirit of "mateyness" . . . . . well! If there is any lonely person left in London, it isn't the fault of the Wembley Carnival

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *September 22*

DEAR COUSIN—

D'YOU know I really do b'lieve after many false alarms (or rejoicings) the so-called autumn season here in London now has truly and more or less properly begun at last? 'Tany rate there's lots of sort of symptoms of a quite fairly general kind of return to the fold, as you might say—even tho' p'raps in some cases it's with half an air of being poised for yet another flight Scotlandwards, or out to Venice or further East, or a re-embarking on that yacht cruise, should things turn out by any chance not completely and entirely satisfac. . . .

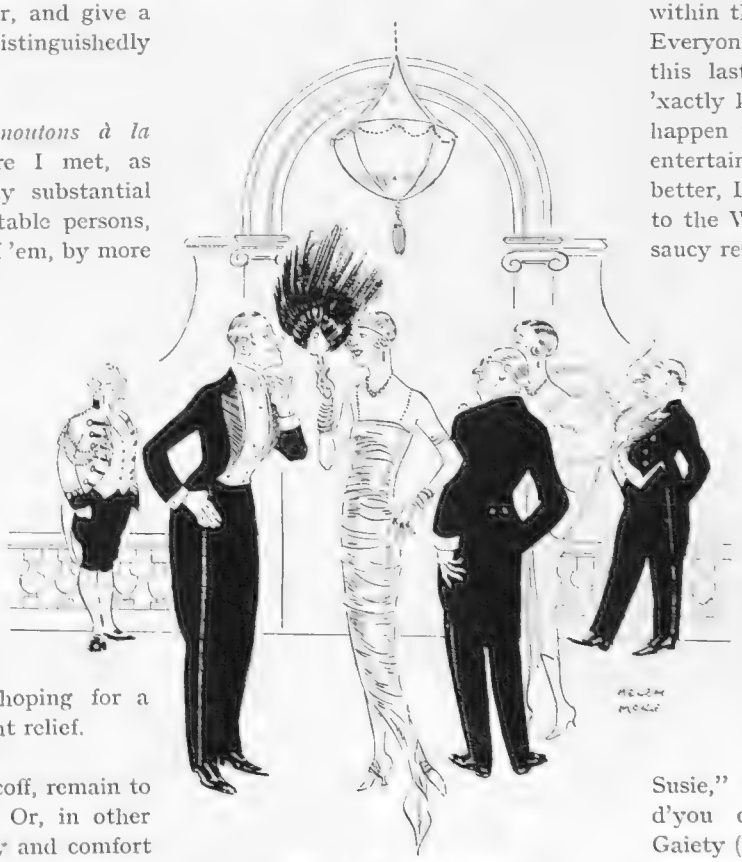
DINING a night or two ago at Ciro's . . . and by the way, that's another sign of the times. That Ciro's should be open again, I mean, likewise the Embassy, returned to business as usual, last week as ever was. 'Cos they're by way of being more or less social barometers, aren't they, in a manner of speaking—specially the last-named, where Luigi would think scornery of himself to reopen his doors 'nless there were at least a brace of Duchesses and a bunch of Earls, and a flock of mere Barons and things all ready waiting to first-foot 'em (as they say in Scotland), or *franchir le seuil* in a due and proper manner, and give a fitting send-off to his so distinguishedly 'spensive place of resort.

BUT *revenant* to our *moutons à la Ciro* aforesaid—there I met, as mentioned, quite a fairly substantial mass of more or less notable persons, driven homeward, some of 'em, by more or less hostile weather (and oh so glad to get back), and not at all unprepared to take just a look round at this London of ours 'fore making up their minds whether it was worth it to push off once more on alien pleasure bent. Rather expecting, mark you, all of 'em, to find the great Metrop. somewhat of a Sahara just now, but just faintly hoping for a small spot or touch of light relief.

AND having come to scoff, remain to play, so to speak. Or, in other words, realise to their joy and comfort that tho' the (mostly a bit boring) society parties and things are right off and not looking like starting again for months and months *and* months—there's simply heaps and lots doing in all sorts and kinds of other ways, and the ball rolling busily 'mong the after all fairly largish world that mingles a drop of work (just to save its face) with quite a lot of play.

EASIER life really, come to think of it, this autumn season that's just biffed off, than when there was all sorts of highly meritorious and 'sclusive parties *chez* the Duchess of X. and Lady Y. to be sandwiched in, and have an appearance made at—*plus* red-faced-and-armed, and thick-ankled debs. to be danced with, for our poor men, that is, 'cos we women 'tany rate are fairly safe of a moderately good time, if not too hopelessly repulsive, and after all one doesn't belong with that kind . . . where was I? Oh, yes. Well, it *is* easier and comfortabler, isn't it, with all the formal shows washed out, and the eligible bucolic debs. safely retired to their country fastnesses, and nothing to do but really enjoy yourself, what?

"Just a look round at this London"



"More or less notable persons"

AND simply hundreds and thousands and millions of things to enjoy ourselves *at*, too. The theatres, f'rinstance—where, by the way, there's been such a boom lately as can scarce be recalled, even in this little village, within the memory of man, or woman. Everyone's been flocking theatrewards this last week or two, tho' no one 'xactly knows why. But if you *should* happen to be in need of an evening's entertainment, can't do *very* much better, I don't b'lieve, than float along to the Winter Garden, that smart and saucy resort of all the Best People here in London now, and smile joyously at Mr. Leslie Henson in all sorts of sweetly funny disguises such as a Hun professor and a truly-British p'liceman, saying and singing all manner of devastatingly 'musing things.

Primrose, they call the show, but darling Leslie's anything but prim tho' the house certainly rose at him. (That'll be twopence.) Simply lovely, some of the tunes they've got in it, 'cluding one called "Wait a Bit, Susie," which is awf'ly like "What d'you do Sunday, Mary," at the Gaiety (only 'course nat'rally I *rather* prefer the British-made one at the

Garden). And a perfectly sweet thing about Queen Mary (the Stuart one, I mean).

> After quite a bothering day
> They locked her up in Fotheringay—
> Isn't it terrible what they did
> To Mary Queen of Scots?

And when this agile and too utterly fascinating Leslie (I'm not sure he ought to be allowed) starts singing, or should I say 'umming, about

> That glass-bangled mother of mine—

the house . . . well, the night I was there, Oxford and also Cambridge, 'parently, had contributed a contingent, so it wasn't altogether fair p'raps to judge by that . . . . 'Thusiastic and romantic lads, aren't they, these from the 'Varsities, dear things.

TALKING of which, "Life is very romantic," says darling Gilda Varesi in *The Claimant* at the Queen's, gaily smoking a cigar the while, and *she's*, anyway, a touch of romance wherever she blows in, and nearly saves even this rather dull affair from being so dull as it might have been—and I'm 'fraid in the end is, 'spite of a star cast with lovely Fay Compton and her handsome husband, Leon Quartermaine, and that wonderful Lottie Venne and that genius Ada King, and all sorts of other brilliant people. Rather a pity, isn't it, that they sometimes don't seem to be able to pick a play anything like half good enough for the actors, these days?

"Dancing with red-faced red-armed debs"

NOT that there aren't lots of perfectly d'lightful shows going simply splendidly just now. As *par exemple*, that rather 'ceptionally sparkling affair, *The Punch Bowl*, at the Duke of York's, which 'tinues to beat the band, as they used to say, spite of little Hermione Baddeley deserting 'em for the Co-Optimists. And is having a new and revised version, I hear, or, in other words, a second span of life, next week as ever is.

BUT talking about shows, they *do* say also that Jean Cadell's quite marvellous in Mr. Munro's *Storm* at the Ambassadors (having seen which, I can confirm). And *The Farmer's Wife* at the Court, by that famous Devon novelist, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, is a completely all-satisfying scream, "racy of the soil," as the saying goes. Also, there's a fearf'ly naughty-ish little play at the Globe called *Our Betters*, wherein all the most *choquant* things happen, but Margaret Bannerman looks so lovely that it doesn't matter a bit; and at the Hippodrome there's a nice noisy affair called *Leap Year*, wherein Mr. George Robey's as Robeyish as ever and has just started a new little sketch or satire called "Black and White Cargo"—the 'ticular allusion whereof you can, p'raps, quite easily perceive, 'specially if you've been along and seen dear Mr. Franklin Dyall acting so wonderfully (with a whisky background) at the Playhouse.

WHICH 'minds me, went to such a sweet affair at the Kingsway the other night called a *Green Room Rag*—all for one of the stage funds, you know, with famous actors on both sides of the house. Aforesaid Margaret being in stalls and Mr. Dyall on stage, and lots of celebrities "in front" like Mr. Aubrey Smith and Isabel Jeans and Mary Merrall and Mr. Prinsep and Mr. Bach, not to mention the brilliant galaxy who were acting in some awf'ly clever little sketches by Mr. George Elton and the rest. And—think of it—all the women's parts taken by men! Which, must say, isn't *awfully* convincing, somehow, tho' they looked very sweet, but when they started talking, or singing. . . . But rather a scream, specially Mr. Roy Byford—you can just imagine him, can't you?—all coy and feminine, with a nice fal-laly

"A drop of work"

frock round his slim little form, and a floppy hat!

AND then Mr. Walter Williams did some of his fascinatingly foolish little ditties, and made us all join in the chorus. About the Ogo Pogo, f'rinstance, who played on his little banjo, and whose mother was an earwig and his father was a whale. Which was, me-thinks, some of the most joyous nonsense ever invented since one Mr. Lewis Carroll went out of business, and sent us home with a rich glow in our hearts, chanting it in parts till all the people we met made up their minds we were quite 's'lutely and hopelessly mad.

WELL, s'pose it's agreed it's autumn now. In town, 'tany rate. But in the country, where I've been wandering lately for week-ends and things, to talk about anything so final and near the end of everything really soft and summery seems pos'tively quite absurd. These golden September nights, with their infinitely gentle half-silver, half-copper moons . . . . And we sit out on verandahs and places and the moonlight softly laps us. . . . Coats are scornfully rejected. . . . Can this be autumn, here in England now? Perish the thought.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

From Our Portrait Gallery

Photograph *Bassano*

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

The charming wife of the Earl of Pembroke, and a well-known Society hostess. The King and Queen of Spain, it will be remembered, attended her dance at Hyde Park Gardens given, towards the end of last season, in honour of her daughter, Lady Patricia Herbert. Lady Pembroke is the Marquis of Anglesey's sister

Motley Musings

IF Choo Fat and Wun Lung start monkeying about in Shanghai, they may find John Bull in the China shop.

. . . . . .

A CERTAIN don, who was once the laughing-stock of a Cambridge college, did not suggest the title of Mr. Ian Hay's play, *The Sport of Kings*.

. . . . . .

THE Liberal Party is said to be partaking of a heavy breakfast prior to walking firmly to the scaffold. Excellent! They've been hanging about too long.

. . . . . .

THE epidemic of coughing now prevalent with many of our racehorses seems to suggest there are some churchgoers amongst them.

. . .

"I ALWAYS prefer to shoot with a small bore," writes a correspondent. If he comes round to our club smoking-room, he can have his pick.

. . . . . .

WE believe the following incident to be without foundation. The wicket-keeper of a famous Northern county suddenly exclaimed to his captain, with whom he was batting, "Come on in, Mr. W., *Wilfred's declared!*"

. . . . .

CLASSICAL nomenclature, apparently, presents difficulties to some of our rhymesters. Really it is quite easy:

You may like brave
Horatius Cocles,
Or the grim tragedies
of Sophocles;
You may like men or Llamas
Or cats in pyjamas;
But you cannot like girls
in monocles!

"PERHAPS with the revival of the music-hall, the old comic singer will come into his own."—DAILY PAPER.

Brave news! With raddled nose and
tattered brolly,
SANS *collar, trousers bursting at the*
knees,
He'll reappear and, slightly alcoholly,
Emit his ancient wheeze.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
to humour,
So drugged with those ineptitudes of
Shaw,
Who has not roared applause at some
big bloomer
Made by some ma-in-law?

Ah, how unerringly he hit the target!
His views on lodgers gave the stalls
a fit.
A single reference to dear old Margate.
Caused havoc in the pit!

Or he would treat us to a panegyric
Of England's Empire; draw from us
a tear;
Then for an encore cheer us with a lyric
In praise of Glorious Beer!

THAT *was the humour, simple, fresh*
and vital,
That wouldn't tax the minds of mules
or fools;
In fact, I think they should have had
the title
Of "Old Contemptibles!"

. . . . . .

A FRENCH composer who has just written a symphony uses twenty typewriters in the orchestra. It doesn't symphony to us.

A PHYSICIAN declares that the use of ice-cream is injurious to the stomach. Schoolboys will find this cold comfort.

. . . . . .

GUILDING THE LILY

The men that played with Irving
in the days of long ago,
And those that played with Kemble
long before,
They squabbled now and then; but they
were not the men
To wash their dirty linen out
o' door.

The men that played with Irving, they
were just as good as you,
Though they weren't so often fêted by
the Town;
And they didn't get the screw that some
modern Johnnies do;
But they didn't try to do each other
down!

The men that played with Irving weren't
so keen upon a strike;
They had worthier things than boy-
cotting in view!
Each for all and all for each was the
lesson they would teach;
And—it might be acted on by some
of you!

. . . . . .

"I BOUGHT a haddock for elevenpence and two eggs for sixpence and only received eightpence back out of half-a-crown," said the teacher. "What was wrong?"

"Vy didn't you count your change, miss?" sorrowfully answered the youngest pupil.

. . . . . .

"AND what would you be doing with a wife at your age, Donald?" inquired McTavish.

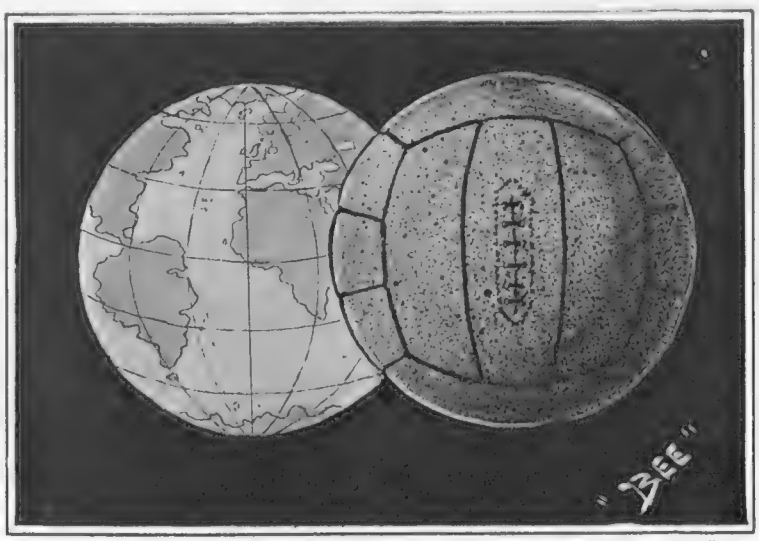
"Just to bide wi' me, and when I dee to close my eyes," replied Donald.

"Aweel," answered his crony, "I've had twa, and they *opened* mine!"

. . . . . .

"I WOULD sooner my boy could cook than read Latin," writes a lady. Now then, Jones *secundus*:

Instead of your studying
Livy,
Learn to cook like the
scullery skivvy;
Though unable to pass
In AMO *and* AMAS,
If you learn to fry eggs,
I'll forgive'ee!



THE ECLIPSE OF THE "GLOBE" By "BEE"

An annual phenomenon which began in England this year on Saturday, August 30

Answers to Correspondents

Bohemian: Yes, we believe Mr. E. J. Odell to be the prototype of Ethel's strong, silent man.

Colney: We cannot tell you what the Dead Sea died of.

HARTLEY CARRICK

Contempt of Court

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A novel method by which one can not only harden one's tennis court during the winter, but can keep fit at the same time

PEOPLE AT PLAY

THE SOLEMN GAME

By "PENDARVES"

It is a mistake to approach the game of bowls in a spirit of levity, as I did. Bowls was always associated in my mind as furnishing an historical joke, cracked by Drake, on the place they call The Hoe, at Plymouth. I understood that he was alleged to have sent a flippant message to an impatient Spanish Admiral, who was, apparently, already stripped to the buff, that he must take his turn with the other competitors for the cockshies at the overthrow of England's supremacy—and all that sort of thing. An amusing and sporting gesture, but not a word of truth, of course. . . .

But being in one of the strongholds of bowls in the West recently, to wit, at Tenby, in Wales, I was induced by the Welsh authorities to look into the matter with a solemnity befitting the great game. They produced old parchment histories to enforce their point, and as a means of stressing my abysmal ignorance, "Yes, you, sir, a writer on games, look you now . . ." It was certainly true, so the history (duly authenticated by the British Museum) recorded. This is what it said of the great sailor:

He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls,
When the great Armada came;
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls,"
And he stooped and finished the game.

The veil of history is not lifted sufficiently to tell us how much there was *on* that particular game. I conclude there was, and always has been, a five-shilling corner or something on the business, because I saw, a page or so on in the history, this significant paragraph:

The game is fairly modern in the West Country, and would not have thrived there as it has done if it had not been for the presence of so many successful Scots to be found in Cardiff, Newport and Swansea, who imported it from their own country.

One may justly add, I presume, "for their own fell purposes."

And then they led me to "The Rink." I say "they," but those others became submerged under the eloquence of one. He was a bowls Ace, if you can understand me. One of those men, don't you know, who makes his hundred break at billiards about every second Thursday, and was winning bicycle races on the Herne Hill track when you and I were struggling through our junior matriculation papers. So, naturally, he would be a flyer at bowls.

There was nothing this popular personality did not know about bowls, and absolutely nothing he did not tell me; interrupting all my tentative questions with the remark that I was utterly wrong. I have no doubt I was. But these were my impressions, concentrated into a brief survey, after an hour spent at a tournament—Liberals *versus* Conservatives, and you know what *that* means in Wales.

They give you a scoring-card, supplied gratis to clubs by a mineral water manufacturer, whose name is emblazoned thereon. A cruel irony, this, because most games take about a couple of hours, and nobody dare leave the rink in case something sensational happens to them or the hated opponents. Nobody with any semblance of decent upbringing wears white shoes. Some men of the baser sort do, of course, and these stand stone still just behind the Jack. The Jack is a white ball, the cause of all the trouble. The bowls are referred to as "woods," and they are impelled with silent and Machiavellian cunning towards the Jack by means of "bias." You are not known as a good player, but as a good "wood"—a chip of the old block, in fact.

What exactly "bias" is, nobody seems to have defined with any accuracy. The book of the words on the game can only get as far as this, "expressed in simple words, bias is that something which the bowls make, or pull, on the green over a given distance between mat and jack. Bias is now a standardised something. We are gradually getting to know what it really is. . . ." Well, I am glad that I, at any rate, have been able to explain to non-bowling Bystanders so lucidly what bias is.

But on bias rests the whole purport and solemnity of the game. You start off, the four of you, in dead silence, with a very considerable bias in favour of yourselves as bowls experts, and a great deal of malicious and deft bias hidden in the "woods" in your large right hands. These you bowl (hence the word "bowls," very clever, that) towards the Jack. Those whose woods are nearest the Jack register points. The other side registers epithets.

When you have the bias of the bowl towards the inside or centre of the rink or green you are said to be using the "forehand." When the bias is on the outside or turned away from the centre of the rink or green you are said to be using the "backhand." Play is indulged in a stooping position. Many stoutly built men cannot use the backhand so freely as they do the forehand . . . but we need not enlarge upon this distressing subject.

There is an immense amount of strategy employed as to where you place your wood in a position best calculated to infuriate the other fellow. A deathly silence reigns in all the best bowling circles. A stoic calm betokens the really great player. An aeroplane passing overhead at 1,500 feet is regarded with a pained tolerance. All play is suspended until it has finished cleaving the calm of eventide. Pipes are methodically filled, pressed down with extreme care, lit, and the matches placed in receptacles for that purpose and no other. Then play is again resumed in silence. . . .

And this was what the Admiral of the Spanish High Seas Fleet saw through his telescope on that July evening!

You can't hope to conquer phlegmatic Englishmen who do this sort of thing in the face of the enemy.

Come to think of it, I am not perfectly certain that the cult of bowls is not at the back of all our successes by land and sea.

The bowls Ace assures me this is so.

P'raps he's right. I would not dare dispute it, anyhow. It might lead to heated chatter on the rink.

THE OLD, OLD STORY By Graham Simmons

Younger Sister: "When I'm as old as you are, I hope I'll know more than *you* do"

Elder Sister: "When you are as old as I am, I hope you'll know as much as you *think* you do now"

The Daily Round Beyond the Tweed

Photograph *Central News*

THESE STIRRING "TIMES"

Lord Rosslyn, one time soldier, actor, war correspondent and editor, studying yesterday's peaceful doings at Gleneagles

Photograph *G. W. Day*

THREE'S COMPANY

Princess Helena Victoria, Miss Cecil Leitch and Sir Courtauld Thomson at North Berwick

Photographs

A SPORTING HEATHER MIXTURE

Mrs. Richard Lloyd George (left), Dr. K. Wilkinson, Sir Robert McAlpine (Mrs. Lloyd George's father), Miss Cust, Miss Betty Towle and Major Richard Lloyd George, R.E., ready for any sort of sport that Gleneagles has to offer

Central News

IN STRANGE COMPANY

A well-known playwright who has surprisingly strayed on to this Society page. That's what comes of dressing-up for Scotland!

In Cupid's Name

BY BERT THOMAS

SHY SUITOR: "Marjorie—er—may I call you Miss Henderson . . . . ?"

PARISIANA By "Rene"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"A new German invasion"

MES AMIS—

IT becomes more and more difficult to decide what is the hour to dine in Paris. If something is not done about it we may have to starve, for the *chefs* are becoming uncontrollably indignant about present habits, or, rather, the lack of them, and are threatening to migrate in a body to the Midi, where reverence for regularity of repast has not been weakened. The *chefs* complain that it is impossible to maintain the artistic temperament under such conditions, and they are finding it more and more difficult to obtain helpers for the double time in the kitchens.

THERE is certainly no exaggeration in the protests of the white-bonneted geniuses, for, in these irresponsible days, gobbling begins at eleven in the morning and continues practically without a break until eleven at night. Apparently it is due to the changed characteristics of foreign visitors, who, instead of adopting the sound and tried customs of the French as their fathers and grandfathers sagely did, bring their national customs with them and struggle to impose them here. I have seen people coming in for lunch at eleven, when I have still been at the *café* and *brioches* stage, and expecting it to be rushed through in half an hour, and I have seen others stroll in confidently at three, counting on everything still being hot. This section will linger at table till nearly six, yet half an hour later there will be a batch along for dinner, insisting that it shall be served hurriedly as they don't want to be late for the theatre.

FOLLOWING these come the normal eight o'clock diners, who, naturally, anticipate the best of cooking and service because the time is appropriate, then the nine o'clock contingent, who are usually in a vile temper to start with because they have been delayed and are very hungry. Last of all arrive the ten o'clock laggards, who wish to dine tranquilly—*bien diner, bien boire.* They genially decline to be hustled, deliberate lengthily over the menu and the *carte de vins*, and are quite content to be taking their liqueur at midnight. These leisurely ones are usually nightlife Americans or Spaniards, the invading Germans being the early birds. No wonder the *chefs* are in despair. Their art is entitled to more respect, and it is to be hoped that their plaint will be listened to while there is time.

A NEW danger threatens those with a tendency towards exploration who venture as far as the suburban *dancings*. Members of the *apache* tribe have developed a new line for chicken-plucking, which has been operated with considerable success in the outskirts of the capital. Their "decoy" is a fair maid of surpassing dancing skill, who allures promising-looking dancing-men and bewitches them no less by her charming demeanour than by her talented execution of the tango. When she has got one well on the hook, she complains of feeling faint in the overheated atmosphere, and suggests a stroll either by the banks of the neighbouring river or some equally shadowy retreat. Naturally the enthralled one leaps at the opportunity of a delicious ten minutes with such a comely companion. But they have no sooner got into obscurity than a black-masked *apache* materialises with a revolver and a raucous "Hands up," and the hour of rapid romance has to be paid for by the handing over of a wallet. Dancing-men who tread the suburban path of dalliance had better beware of fascinators with a tendency towards faintness. The cost is too great.

"Ten centimètres of costume at the Bal de l'Internat"

FAINTING, by the way, seems to have gone almost out of fashion among women in general. There was a time, one reads in books, when you could always count on at least one fainting attack at a dance. Has this weapon become useless for the armoury of coquetry? Fainting scarcely seems to go well with shingled hair and cigarettes. There was a case a week or two ago of a lady who is no longer really young, fainting during the dancing in an hotel at a famous watering-place. The men did not know what to do, and while some went for a doctor others dashed to a pharmacy. As for the women, they callously commented, "Her memory is at fault; she thinks she's back in the 'eighties."

THIS contrast of styles is the substance of the first of the new season's plays, *The Guitare and the Jazz-Band*, at the Theatre des Nouveautés, but the authors, MM. Henry Duvernois and Robert Dieudonné, whom nobody would dare to call old-fashioned, give the prize to the country-maiden of the "Guitare" mannerisms, which is rather surprising. They have hit the sentimental note very truly, for at the first night it was possible to observe tears in the eyes of Mlle. Regina Camier, who interprets Estelle, the "Guitare." The Jazz-Band lady, Martine, has brought her lover in the neighbourhood of the country house in which she is staying during the absence of her husband, and instructs him to turn the head of Estelle in order to secure an *entrée*. He does it out of a sense of duty at the commencement, but before long he realises he has had more than enough of jazz and that the "Guitare" has a sweetness which is much more agreeable. The lover of the bold Martine becomes the husband of the modest Estelle. The acting is particularly good, and Mlle. Regina Camier is considered to have achieved one of her finest successes.

"Embroidered silk stockings"

AT the Quat'z' Arts Cabaret—nothing to do with the Quat'z' Arts Ball—the new revue, *A London*, is pretty good of its kind, though a knowledge of French taste in humour is necessary to enable a tourist to understand some parts. This cabaret strives to maintain the old Montmartroise tradition in revue, which, of course, is not at all like the Montmartre trend of to-day. The authors are themselves the principal interpreters, and they intend to get as much enjoyment out of it as the spectators. The political scenes are good from the narrow French angle, though not so pleasant to the foreign onlooker. M. Herriot is shown returning from the London Conference, compelled to throw everything overboard to avoid shipwreck. Spaniards, however, must wince much more than Britons, for the Spanish reverses in Morocco are ridiculed very severely.

"Vent d'automne"

MENTION of the Quat'z' Arts brings anticipations of the Bal de l'Internat—even more riotous—for which the merry maids of Montparnasse are understood to be already purchasing their ten centimetres of costume. On this occasion they will be willing to forego the embroidered silk stockings which they now so proudly display on the terraces of the Rotonde and the Dome, despite the cold sting in the *vent d'automne*, already here in advance of the soft winds of the strayed summer. But blow, blow, thou winter wind; thou cannot be so unkind as this summer's ingratitude. RENÉ

Bystander Treasure Hunts

THE Fox Hunting Season is close upon us, and THE BYSTANDER will recognise the fact by organising shortly a series of Treasure Hunts for readers. The scheme will be run on original and amusing lines and is calculated to provide plenty of healthy excitement for those who take part in the hunts. Valuable prizes will be offered. Full details will be announced in an early issue.

BY HIGGINS

PERMANENT WAVING À LA MODE

A Player of Parts

Drawn specially for The Bystander *by Howard Smith*

MISS EDITH EVANS

Whose brilliant acting in "The Way of the World" has placed her in the very front rank of her profession. She is at present appearing in "Tiger Cats" at the Strand Theatre, and she recently added to her arduous performance as "Suzanne," by playing the Serpent in the matinée performance of Mr. Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" at the Court Theatre

Produced September 2, 1924

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.*

As you drift into the Palace Theatre these nights you seem to notice something exhilarating in the very air of the place. Everybody has the look of being on the tip-toe of expectation, and you find people already giggling a little in advance. In their fourth season the Co-Optimists have certainly fulfilled the promise of their youth. You get a taste of the genial nonsense to come as you scan the names of the company on the programme. Miss Hermione Baddeley, for instance, is starred "by arrangement with Reandean"; while Mr. Davy Burnaby appears "by arrangement with Mrs. Burnaby." This is, of course, very light humour, but it is a pleasing introduction to the merry schoolboy fun that permeates the whole entertainment. The newcomers to the company have adapted themselves with amazing ease to their light-hearted surroundings; but I confess I deplored the absence of Miss Phyllis Monkman's legs.

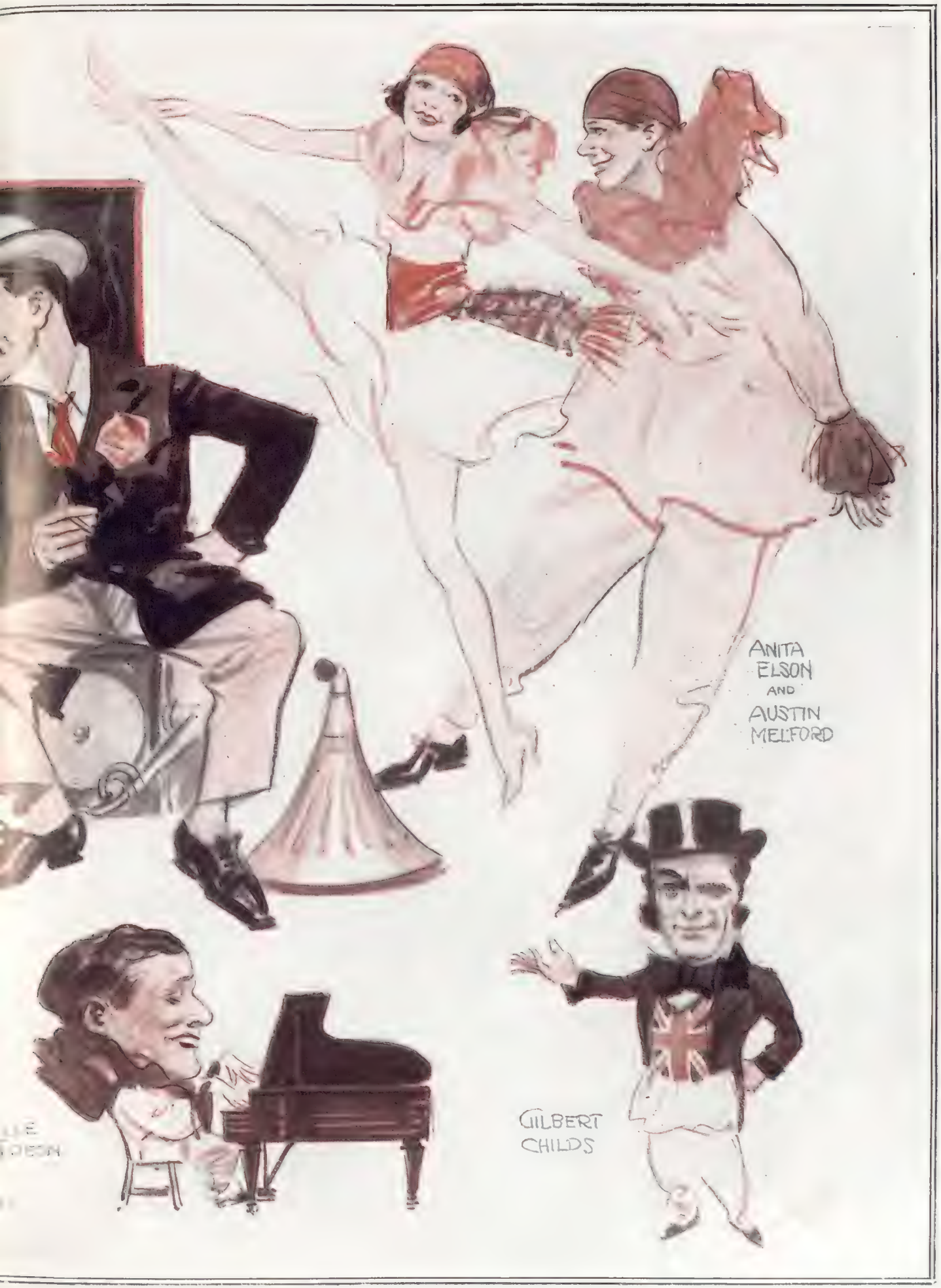
Miss Anita Elson is one of the new members of the company, and it is pleasing to note that she is a young lady who is liberally endowed with the sense of humour so essential to a Co-Optimist. She sings daintily, and dances with the lightness of a falling leaf, and also she performs what I believe is (or are) professionally known as "the splits." Lord Lytton once said that the worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him; and I think myself that the worst use to which a charming young lady can put herself is to perform "the splits." Still, we are all pleased to see Miss Elson shining in such good company, and wish her, in spite of her weird accomplishment, long life and prosperity.

One of the big laughs of the early part of the evening is scored by Mr. Gilbert Childs, who presents a little play with eighteen parts in it, all of which he proposes to represent himself by means of quick changes behind a screen. For the guidance of the gentleman assisting him, he explains rapidly the plot of the playlet. At that moment, however, his assistant is called to the telephone, and another gentleman has to be asked to volunteer. So the plot must be explained all over again. In the story, there is a lass who loves a sailor. But the sailor sails away, as sailors have a habit of doing, and the lass is left pining. A little later, the house in which the lass resides takes fire, and in the fireman who climbs the escape to rescue her she recognizes her sailor boy. It is one of those simple, human stories that go straight to the heart.

Three times Mr. Childs is obliged to run over the plot with his assistant, and the third time he grows a little impatient, and by consequence a little incoherent. The quick-change business becomes accordingly the wildest nonsense, so that at the moving climax of the drama it is the fireman who dashes out and whistles for the Fire Brigade, while it is the policeman who performs the rescuing job. Another droll turn is called "Operatic Motoring," in which the gentlemen of the company sing about well-known cars, each of the singers borrowing a bar or two from some popular song or other. At the close of the first half of the programme, the Co-Optimists have a characteristic brain wave. They call themselves the "Get-Hoffman Girls" and indulge in a wild burlesque of the sprightly young things who swing about at

(Continued on page 752)

OPTIMISM AND

An impression, by MacMichael, of that merry band, the Co-

CO., UNLIMITED

imists, who have returned to the Palace, their *spirituel* home

the Hippodrome on slack ropes hanging from the clouds, or thereabouts. The specious imitation of the real thing given by the Co-Optimists is extremely well done, and it goes with a scream.

But even this turn pales before the "Dancing Melodrama." As Mr. Burnaby is careful to explain, melodrama has not yet been presented in the form of song and dance, and I do not suppose that anyone will dispute his claim. The stock form of melodrama is used for the experiment. There is, naturally, an escaped convict in it, and the drama is played to the tune of "John Brown's Body." There is the heroine loved by the hero, and pursued by the villain. The heroine will not yield to threats of force, and the villain therefore employs deep, double-dyed strategy. He hurries off and comes back a moment later disguised as the village postman, with beaver complete He ostentatiously delivers a watch and chain to the hero. The villain then rushes away and returns as himself, with a policeman. He charges the hero with having stolen the watch and chain, and the unjustly accused hero at once goes off to do "time." The villain then renews his unwelcome attentions and just as his hand-to-hand struggle with the heroine is at its fiercest, the hero returns as the escaped convict, and rescues the girl, while the villain slinks off to that part of the famous tune where John Brown's soul "goes marching on." This very happy piece of nonsense is materially helped by the rapid and effective changes of costume, and the laughter is long and loud.

Miss Hermione Baddeley makes her debut with the company with flattering success. She is at first just one of the ladies in the short skirts and long legs, who hop about gracefully; but in the second half of the programme she has, with Mr. Gilbert Childs, a scene which has the touch of genius about it. A cockney husband and wife return late from what would have been a musical evening if the gramophone needles had not been mislaid, and they sit on the edge of the kerb and wait for the last 'bus. Miss Baddeley has the slovenly appearance of the neglected wife, with red-rimmed eyes and tousled hair—a triumph of make-up. While they are waiting for the bus she talks to her husband sometimes a little reproachfully, and sometimes in tones of wistful affection, but always with the accent of the lovable little cockney. The dialogue is very well written, and comes near to realising the ideal of every humorist—a laugh in every line. When the couple have decided not to wait any longer because the last 'bus has already gone, they break out into a mournful song and-dance that forms a brilliant termination to a scene of perfect humour.

Mr. Austin Melford is now one of the stalwarts of the company. Among his triumphs is an amusing song called "Puggie," a playful reference to the well-known turf-accountant who "never owes." I am not a betting man myself because I am afraid of losing my money. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that if those who bet could be sure of winning, many even of the unco' guid would be running round to put a little bit on the two-thirty. Mr. Melville Gideon introduces a new feature into the show, a song-story with real scenery. Hitherto, I believe, the Co-Optimists have always been content with make-believe scenery.

Mr. Gideon sings of a young man who is in love with "a girl in a crinoline," and then a scene appears of a country cottage gate, in the days of crinolines and beaver hats. Succeeding scenes show the angry father trying to prevent the match, the runaway marriage before the blacksmith at Gretna Green, and, finally, the first baby that reconciles all opposition. It is sentiment at its best, most daintily and gracefully presented. Mr. Gilbert Childs, who is a very hard-worked member of the company, appears during the evening as John Bull with a Union Jack waistcoat, and sings a rattling song about the need of keeping Britain for the British. In these days, when the country seems to be run by naturalised aliens, a little reminder of this kind is very useful and very welcome. The Co-Optimists deserve their success. They have surpassed themselves

Jingle

A "Live" Cole

Photograph *Satterthwaite*

MISS FAY COLE

Who is at present contributing to the success of the Piccadilly Revels. She has appeared in several West-End revues

Wise—and Beautiful

Photograph *Mabel Roby*

MISS SYBIL WISE

One of the principals in "Charlot's Revue," which was produced last week at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The winner of a recent beauty competition, she took over Miss Joyce Barbour's part in "London Calling" when it was running at the Duke of York's

LESSER LIGHTS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

II.—The Never-Mind-Where

"A few couples dancing with intense respectability and nonchalance"

ELSA LANCHESTER, whose inimitable character studies are familiar to most people about town, and Harold Scott, her fellow conspirator, are responsible for the mystery which shrouds this Lesser Light of London. They won't let me tell you the address. It is not that they want to hide their light under a bushel (did you ever know a stage person who did ?), it is because their *endroit*, where the Lights assemble and are turned on every Sunday night, happens to be in rear of a staid house in a reformed street of central London, owned and autocratically controlled by a Duke's estate agents, who view with pained disfavour anything savouring of the bizarre or, in their view, *risqué* entertainment.

Consequently, there is a back door leading into a sequestered Mews for the knowing ones, and a front door, with a long wait after ringing, and the need for a sort of password, for those who don't know but have been given *entrée*. I deplore the enforced secrecy because the Club in question is of the most blameless kind. I can imagine the blue uniformed raider of night clubs, if he ever got in here, being sorely puzzled as to why his Inspector had sent him, and what on earth it was all about.

In looking for the forbidden alcohol, all he would see is a bar in the corner, rather like a night coffee stall, but more like a Punch and Judy show, whereat people are drinking coffee out of mugs, tended by a gentleman in a blue shirt, horn-rimmed spectacles and a weary smile. Written above the bar are the words, "The Horn of Plenty." These *habitués* must have their little joke. You *may* be taken, *via* a stable ladder, into an upper room as an honoured guest, where—but I didn't get one last Sunday, so we won't labour the point.

The zealous constable will see nothing else but a large bare studio hung with blood-red curtains, neutral tinted walls, candelabras of *crême de menthe* coloured candles, and one very naughty-looking lamp swinging jocularly on high. There will be a man or a woman, sometimes both, at a piano, playing ragtime, and a few couples dancing with intense respectability and nonchalance—and then, disappointed, he will go empty away, for this Lesser Light is beyond his understanding. It is too good for him.

I am not perfectly certain it is not beyond mine also. I joined up here the other night with an American. It was most instructive. He was doing one of their lightning tours of the "Metrarpolis." He had been rushed from restaurant to cabaret and cabaret to night club for the last forty-eight hours, and then planted here without warning. The room had by then filled up. "Say," he began, looking searchingly at me, "just what exactly *is* this joint anyway ? " His tone was tinged with some contempt because at "The Never-Mind-Where" there is no garish glitter, no *mise en scène*. They are just themselves, without adornment, and America has none of this at home. "It isn't a 'joint,'" I replied. "Don't be silly, just watch."

"The bar in the corner"

And then I began pointing out the famous people one by marvellous one.

The man, over there, whose pen-and-ink drawings fetch super-tax prices ; who without the aid of paint, merely ink and charcoal, can make a railway goods yard on a wet November afternoon look a beautiful, almost inspiring place. The man, just on your right here, smoking that dirty old pipe, in the baggy Harris tweed trousers, who has editors of American magazines snarling at one another to get his short stories at whatever price his agent likes to ask. The woman in the tomato-red shawl, hunched up on the floor in the corner, whose back most good artists and all bad ones want to paint.

His "Gee ! Is *that* so ? " became rather monotonous by repetition. This American citizen was having the thrill of his life. You can well imagine how

(Continued on page 758)

Le Golf, Le Tennis, Le Touquet—Three

THE HON. CHARLES MELTON ASTLEY

MISS MADGE THORPE AND CAPTAIN EMSALL

Photographs

MISS E. K. NASH

MR. ALISTER McCORMICK

Golf and its votaries have been well to the fore at Le Touquet, and the recent 36 hole bogey competition for the Prince of Wales Challenge Cup drew a large number of entries

Winning Tricks in the Holiday Game

MADEMOISELLE DE ALVAREZ

MISS RYAN, MRS. EDGINGTON, AND THE MISSES ARMFIELD-MARROW

MRS. C. DE RHAM AND MR. ALASTAIR INNES-KER

Alfieri

MISS F. KAVANAGH

Enthusiasts at the last tournament of the Le Touquet season. Miss Ryan beat Mrs. Beamish by 6—3, 6—3, and Mlle. de Alvarez beat Mrs. Edgington by 6—0, 6—3 in the semi-finals. Miss Ryan eventually beat Mlle. de Alvarez by 7—5, 6—1

he will enlarge upon this in his New York club.

The average pilgrim from the World That Does Not Count, on arrival here would, I think, share my feelings. You feel so terribly out of it all. You will never get in. And having got in, you will never get out of this World That Counts To Itself. They are a class apart. The Pilgrim, seeking the Light, lesser or great as the mood has moved him, will stand aimlessly against the buff-coloured wall wondering what is going to happen next, and to whom? And whether he dare ask any of these preoccupied ladies to dance with him? Needless to say, the jazz music, strummed between disjointed and advanced conversation at the piano, is of a super-excellent kind. The time and rhythm is as good as it can be; that sort of thing comes naturally to these people. There is very little they can't do in these spheres of entertainment. But better than this is to follow.

Somebody has suggested languidly and without enthusiasm that Elsa should "do something." The room is cleared of human encumbrances at one end, a table is pushed out, a bench moved forward, Scott takes charge of the piano—and that is all. It is enough. She sings two songs. One is called "My Yiddisher Boy"; the other "The Rat-catcher's Daughter." Both are perfect examples of the art of the *diseuse*. You can *see* the poor little Jew boy and feel his tribulations and persecutions. You can see with equal clarity the pathos and distress of the rat-catcher's daughter, sung in a guttural Anglo-German pronunciation, finished and flawless—and she is English to her finger tips and standing before you in a dance frock. Lest the assembled company should be unduly strung up by these, we are switched rapidly to crisp, cruel burlesque. The three phases of the Board School child, Elsa sits on the wooden table and mimics to the life the child of the 1st Standard; the Prize Child; the 4th Standard Senior Girl with all the subtle mannerisms and gawkishness of self-conscious adolescence.

There ought, of course, to be an Elsa Lanchester Cabaret; there will be one day. When it comes, no matter where, it will be packed to the doors nightly, and the big expensive productions will suffer accordingly. Strangely enough, these *habitués* do not hurt the palms of their hands by clapping her spontaneity and art as we pilgrims do. She seems to be damned with faint praise, a hollow mockery of applause here and there; a sort of taken-for-granted attitude on the part of this terribly clever multitude. I find this pose very irritating. I, a rather hard-to-please playgoer, am stung to vociferous enthusiasm despite the shyness of unwonted surroundings. Not so they. It is just Elsa "doing a number." All they say in answer to your laudatory outburst is "Yes, priceless, isn't she." But they haven't really meant this. It is the polite conversational reply to an outsider.

More odd still is the reversion of feeling in you at the end of a one-act play that three of them suddenly decide to do. The listless mob is now moved across to the other end of the room to make way for a little impromptu stage, upon which a "lime" is thrown cleverly from the upper room. Two men, and a woman who wanders on and off like a black shadow, play a thing called *The Man with the Flower in his Mouth*. Being only a common or garden tax-evading citizen, I cannot make head or tail of this item. I am not clever enough. It is beyond me. But it must be brilliant because there is tremendous applause at the finish, whereas in my mind there is only stark bewilderment.

Be that as it may, "The Never-Mind-Where" is a lesser light of a distinctly interesting kind. To it flock the all and sundries of the art and literary world. There are more brains and talent packed into this studio on a Sunday night than probably any other of its size in greater London. I daresay it is just as well that I am in honour bound unable to say where it actually is. You can find it if you really want to. It is a novel and interesting experience to go there as an uncouth and philistine spectator, for that is what you will be if you are an ordinary bystander.

I imagine that to be accepted into the brotherhood and sisterhood of this and kindred places you must, amongst other things, know all about the Einstein theory. And as I am terribly shaky on all those sort of subjects I fear I shall always remain an obtruder upon their thresholds. But that fact will leave them cold, too.

Photograph ON THE "LAKE OF SHADOWS" *G.P.U.*

Lord and Lady Cowley in a picturesque corner of the lake at Burwood, their country seat at Cobham, Surrey

LET friendship acknowledge its debt to good whisky, for it spans the silences that speech cannot bridge, scatters the dark spectres of solitude, fosters among men a better understanding of each other. Be you as careful in your choice of whisky as you are in your choice of friends. That way you will come to the time-tried blend of Peter Dawson *(guaranteed pre-war quality)*.

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"Digging to erect sand castles"

YOGO HAMA AND YOUNG BRITAIN

MOST DEAR HON SIR—

THIS has been a very saddish and glumful week to many innumerous 1,000's of parentals (femn) and offsprings (masc), and vast gallons of tears were wept lastly Friday to date. These non-fortunate infantiles have been harrowed with griefs and sorrows and the domestic abodes and other family bosoms echoed to weeps, sobs and suchly hearty wails, which hithertoly had been the scene only of juvenine mirths and innocent glees.

Fond maternals who have enjoy 6 or 8 weeks of doting on their masc offsprings, have had to discard same and become very Sparton like Hon. matrons of ancient Rome who learnt to laugh while witnessing their infantines cast before lions and other savage arenas, to become butchers for a Roman holiday. How saddish, I bemoan, it was to impicture these tender yearlings (masc) cruelishly enforced to continue their inculcations of Latin, Greece and other painful grammars with not any maternal comforts, but only very severe sportings as footbladder, hocking and so forths, which teaches them to grow very hardy so they may become outposts of empire when full-grown, and other non-pleasant pursuits which have helped to found Hon. British Empire.

"Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to expatiate these woeish commentings which make to sound like a holocaust or other non-civilised catastrophic," you beseek? I cannot scarcely to believe this so ignoramus interrogation, Hon. Sir, but if you are so truly non-informed person, permit I should tell you that grosses of upper and medium 10 juvenines were wrung from their domesticities, masc and femn, and forwarded to Harrow for educational incarceration, there to imbibe classics and pious informations very arduously, or suffer swishes in lieu. Yet only a few several days ago, these chubbish infantines, clad lightishly in water pants or other immersion garments, performed their romps and suchly non-sophisticate pleasures upon the seasides, digging to erect sand castles, seeking to pursue crabs and other diminutive crustacean quadrapeds, or floating their boats upon the summer waves and billows. How sweetish the musical notes of their infantine voices and innocent prattles while their nursing persons or other tender femns, watched to observe they did not fall too deep in the water, or imprinted kisses upon their transitory wounds to cure or ameliorate same. Alasly, this are not now any longer so, but very *non est* (Latin) and now these 1-ce happy juvenines are immure in their curriculums (education cells) learning how Hon. Sir J. Caesar made Gaul in 3 parts, and other feats of strength. Permit I should suffer a saddish afflatus and dirge as follows vizly:

Gone the happy days upon the liquid shore,
Which never shall return again in 1924.
And all the happy juvenines who made marine gymnastics,
Are now in education cells imbibing their scholastics.

Should you have preambled to Waterloo or Charings Cross lastly week, you might have observed a heart-shattering spectacular and been moved with tears. With bitter and other supplicant sobs and moans, diminutive and tender juvenines were drag from their maternal arms in which they sought to escape their scholastic fears and other rods of pickle which awaited them. Yet notwithstandingly their soft wails and bellows, they were non-ruthly ensnatched away and cast into a carriage by their stern paternals, so they might learn to achieve B, M, or other honourable A's. Yet how sweetish it was to witness the so gentle maternals, risking the Hon. chastisements of their masc husbands, secretly induce into the mouths of their tear-swollen sucklings, acid, pear and other succulent or juicy drops

"Biting the dust"

"A heart-shattering spectacular"

I are inform by authentic persons that this day of returning to their scholastic labours by these juvenines, are called Ember Day to signify their non-pleasure at resuming to pursue assiduously their academics and other courses. To perform this woeish ceremonial, fags (menial youths) seek to collect sticks which they burn to embers and with the ashes empowder their heads as

(Continued on page 762)

THIS bonnie, happy little chap enjoys his childhood days to the utmost. Glorious health gives him that sunny disposition and unfailing good temper.

"I am sure you will agree," writes his mother, "that he does credit to the 'Ovaltine' which he has every night. He has such splendid health and is so strong and sturdy that people are always noticing him and asking me what I give him."

The secret of good health—in childhood and in later life—is the amount of nourishment supplied to the system and assimilated by it. The regular diet falls short of these requirements.

In childhood it is particularly important that nutriment shall not be deficient. It is the time of growth and development. "Ovaltine" supplies all the extra nourishment required for health and growth and presents it in the form of a delicious and easily digested beverage.

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P273

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tokens of grief and sorrow with moans and ejacules to match. All new-joining infantines who have not been to Harrow before, must eat some burnt sticks to reduce their worldly pride, a very traditional antidote known to initiates as " biting the dust." This, I bemuse, are very interesting and archæological fact which I shall put in my so famous work to be called " The Domestic Lives of the Great Britains, by a Student of Same."

" Come, Mr. Y. Hama, cannot you constrain to depict us some more joyish and non-lugubriate commentings, instead of to rend our hearts and other delicate organs by impicturing these so saddish spectaculars ? " you impray.

" Suitable infantine giftings."

" Diminutive toddlers with clubs "

Indeedly yes, I response, for also we have had the Girls' Golf combat for champion or other ships at Hon. Sir Stokes Poges. These so youthish fairs are trained from the cradles upwards to swing clubs, niblicks, dormies and suchly weapons of golf, so they shall grow up to be very champion golfstresses and win belts, cups and other femn laurels. I cannot sustain to imagine, forsoothly, a more delicious spectacular than to observe these diminutive toddlers with clubs and other legitimate sticks, seeking to strenuously impale the smallish but slippery golf pill into his hole or burrow, thusly achieving a victorious goal to nil.

Some of these so tender yeared femns acquire very extreme proficiencies at an early age and achieve their plus 4's before their teens, thusly to become celebrate and have their pictorial illustrations in the newsprints. How enthrillish it are, I ejacule, to witness 1 of these infantine femn golfstresses making to swing her caddie in order to administer adequately a small stupenduous swipe that shall push the recalcitrant pill to his burrow and secure a love to nil. Armed with their requisite golfing tools, they preambled gayishly from burrow to burrow, filling the ear with juvenine prattles and innocent mirths. Should they have the non-fortune to become imbedded in a bunker, they were assist to the surface by nurses and suchly attendants and very soonly their tears were forgotten by the administration of loli and other pops.

" This, Mr. Y. Hama, are indeedly a sweetish and consoleful depiction of innocents with bliss," you impart ? " If to suppose they bunkered out in 9, 14, or other requisite number of holes, did they obtain good rewardings for same ? " O yes, I insure you, for after the happy game was conclude, the successful winners partook of dolls and other suitable infantine giftings, while the band blowed good airs with buns, milk and suchly juvenine luxuries to match.

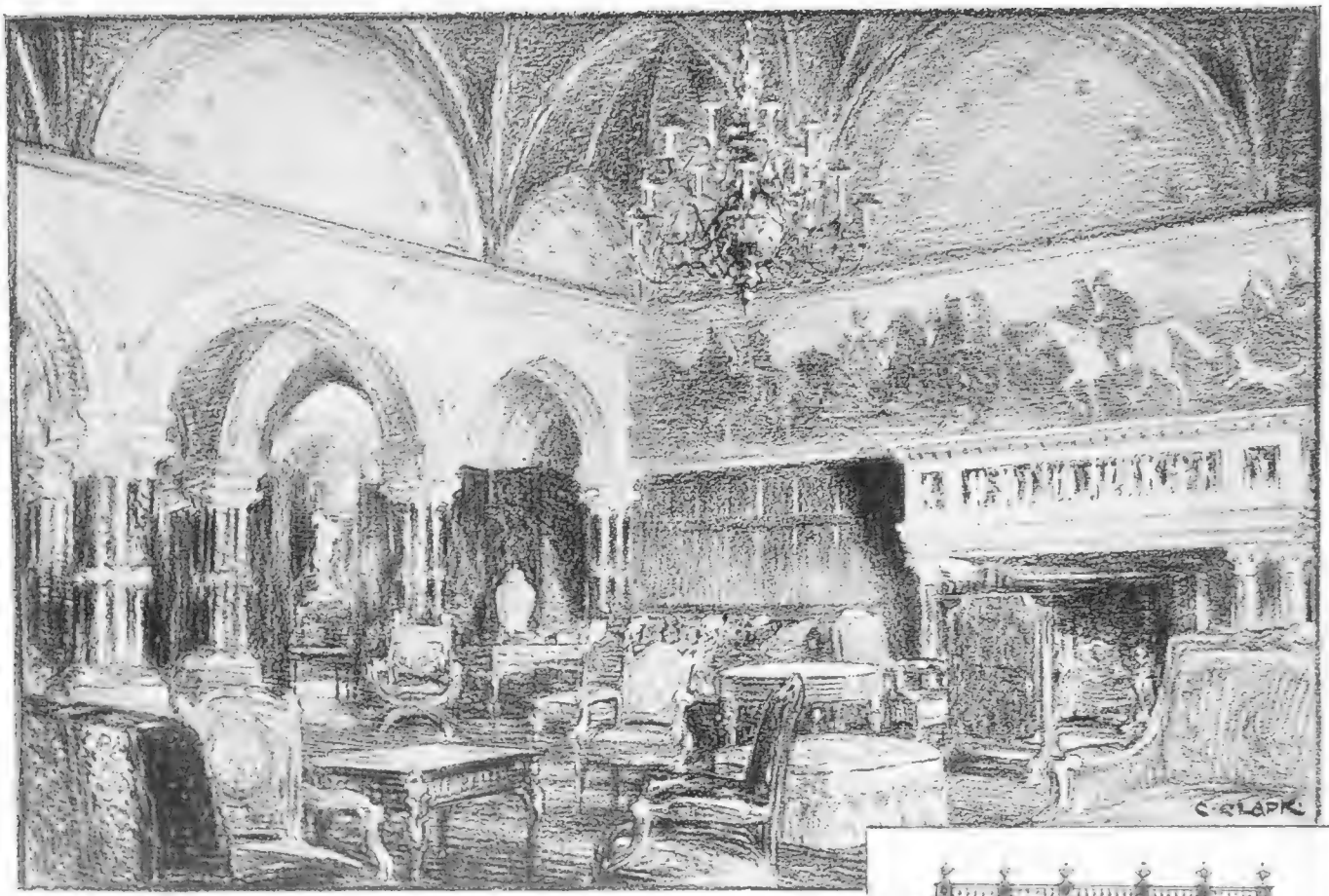
Hoping, Hon. Sir, that you continue to non-suffer distempers, but sustain good average fits, I remain

Yugo Hama

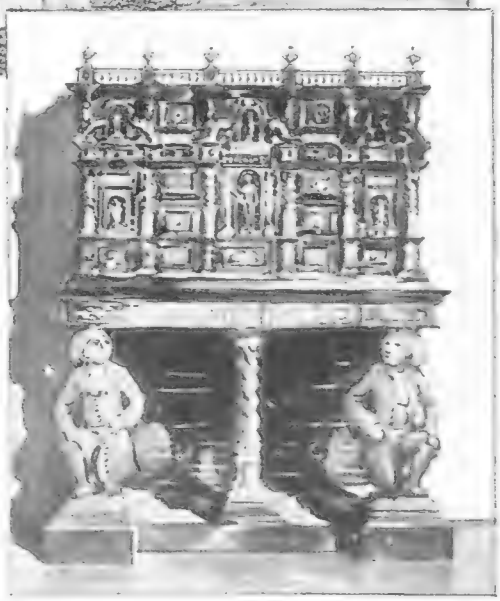
Photograph G. P. U.

FOLLOWING THEIR NATURAL BENT

Monsieur Stanislas Idzikowski (who recently partnered Pavlova), Madame Vera Massine (wife of Leonide Massine), and their corps de ballet in a scene from their charming production, " Les Roses," one of the most popular presentations of this excellent Russian ballet now at the Coliseum



The Saloon at Eaton Hall.



A Venetian Cabinet—late 17th Century.

An "Eminent Victorian" Mansion

THERE is no historic romance to relate of Eaton Hall—no boast of ancient origin. This palatial mansion owes such celebrity as it has attained to its ducal ownership, its stately modern Gothic architecture and its beautiful setting in terraced grounds beside the banks of the Dee.

It is evident from the splendour of design and decorative treatment that the second Marquis of Westminster spared nothing in his efforts to embody in Eaton Hall the finest work that mid-Victorian art and craftsmanship could produce. Richly, indeed, has the interior been embellished, and the furniture has been chosen fittingly to the environment. Perhaps the most magnificent department is the "Saloon," here illustrated, which is adorned with a deep frieze, painted by a well-known Academician, depicting scenes from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

We have said that nothing was left undone to make this mansion the masterpiece of its time. This same policy has ever been behind the production of John Haig Scotch Whisky since it was first distilled in 1627. Hence its perfection of quality and maturity.

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Whether touched with a little "Scotch" or "Irish," or charmed with the gifts of the orchard and spice garden—water itself is the real drink—indeed, it is the only possible drink. In Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale we have the spring whispering of vigorous health and of purity ; the orchard, the spice garden, and the gentle spirit Ariel of Champagne convey their tender messages also ; but of all the factors which contribute to the excellence of "ROSS" we name—first in place and in power—Pure Spring Water.

"Ross Pale Dry" and "Ross Royal" are two distinct variations, as it were, of the same delightful melody of The Crispèd Spring.

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The Battle of Bunkers at Stoke Poges

Photograph *G. P. U.*

GIRLS OF THE GREEN

A group of the competitors in the Girls' Championship—the sixth annual contest—held at Stoke Poges last week

Photograph *I. B.*

THE WINNER

Mlle. Simone Thion de la Chaume (of Nivelle and St. Cloud), whose wonderful play has already marked her out as a coming golf champion

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE RUNNER-UP

Miss Dorothy Pearson (Tunbridge Wells) who was beaten in the final by 4 and 2, after a comparatively easy victory in the semi-finals

RACING·NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

The Double

A GREAT many racing people have the temptation at this time of the year of endeavouring to solve the problem of the "autumn double." It is an achievement which, if accomplished, will give one happy recollections for the rest of one's career. So far, I have been in no hurry to bet on the autumn handicap, chiefly for the reason that so many stables are at present suffering from the outbreak of coughing. I am hopeful that the epidemic will have spent itself before the date of the Cesarewitch.

Leonardo

ONE colt I shall back for the long distance handicap as soon as I know that he has recovered from his spell of coughing is Leonardo. Here is a three-year-old who will assuredly stay every yard of the journey. You will remember the fine struggle he put up against Teresina in the Goodwood Cup. I know that his trainer early in the present month believed him to be a better colt than he was in July. In fact, Alec Taylor had great hopes that he would win the Doncaster Cup, but, as you know, he was unable to take his place in the field for that race owing to the coughing trouble. In the event of Leonardo making a reasonably swift recovery, I think you will find him a well-backed horse on the day of the Cesarewitch. I like him the best of the four which Alec Taylor has left in that race.

Bellman

I HAVE a strong fancy for Bellman in the Cesarewitch. He has been a difficult horse to train, and Mr. Frank Curzon has not had the best of luck with him. I am convinced, however, that when his trainer has Bellman really to his liking, the horse will carry off a big handicap. He is favourably weighted for the Cesarewitch on last year's form, and, providing he comes satisfactorily through his preparation, he is sure to give his supporters a good run for their money. In the Cambridgeshire it is difficult to get away from the great chance possessed by Pharos, who is considerably better now than when he finished fourth in this race last year. There is a certain danger, however, in backing him for the Cambridgeshire at this early date, as in all probability he will run for the Duke of York Handicap at Kempton Park on October 11.

Lighthouse

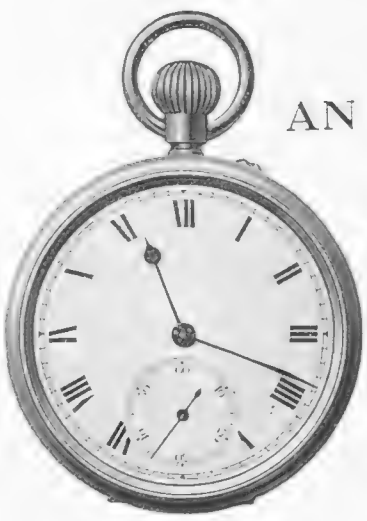
FOR the time being, therefore, I propose to leave Pharos out of the reckoning so far as the Newmarket race is concerned. There will be time enough to consider him as a probable Cambridgeshire winner when the big event at Kempton Park has been run. I very much like the chance of Lighthouse in the Cambridgeshire. It is well known that this colt is not of much account when the ground is hard. Lately the going has been very much to his liking, and if it continues to be on the soft side he is sure to be a formidable competitor for the Cambridgeshire. I was very much impressed by his runaway victory at Doncaster. My present advice to those who are anxious to dabble in the elusive double is to couple Leonardo and Bellman in the Cesarewitch with Lighthouse in the Cambridgeshire.

Newbury Cup

IT is quite possible that some interesting new light upon Cesarewitch prospects may be thrown by the Newbury Cup on Saturday next. This has happened more than once in the past, notably when Yutoi won at Newbury and then carried his penalty to victory at Newmarket. I look upon **Daimyo** as handicapped to win on Saturday, but there must necessarily be a doubt about his appearance in the race owing to the coughing at Manton. In his absence I shall choose another light-weight, GOLDEN EMBLEM. When I first saw the weights for the Highclere Nursery on Friday I thought that **Priory Park** would repeat his Goodwood success, but there is a report that he, too, has been coughing. If he does not run DIACQUENOD may win.

BY APPOINTMENT

AN ENGLISH LEVER WATCH



THE Watch shown represents the finest value obtainable in high-class timekeepers. It is an English Lever Watch of guaranteed reliability, timed, adjusted and compensated for variations of temperature and fitted with Breguet Balance Spring. The embodiment of a century's knowledge and experience in the art of Watchmaking, this Watch is the best value ever offered.

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Since those early days Chrysler has never paused in his battle with mechanical problems. Latterly he and the little band of master minds he has gathered about him have thrown all their energies into the development of a new type of motor car

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Some interesting facts concerning the new car will be disclosed in an interview with Mr. Chrysler to be printed in next week's issue

CAMERA NOTES

AUTUMN TINTS

AUTUMN TINTS ON A SURREY COMMON

PHOTOGRAPHERS who are familiar with the English countryside or with the works of our landscape painters, will need no counsel as to the beauty of our sylvan landscapes in the glories of their autumnal colouring. But many such photographers may not realise that these scenes, which have inspired many a glowing canvas, offer magnificent subjects for their cameras; or, if they do realise this, are deterred by the belief that colour photography is an intricate and irksome process in which, failing much experience, only an indifferent measure of success can be hoped for.

Quite on the contrary, however, so long as one contents oneself with colour transparencies on glass—colour photography is literally one of the simplest processes in photography and one which can be tackled with success by any photographer who has any familiarity at all with the handling and development of photographic plates in the darkroom.

IF it were more widely realised that the amateur photographer has it in his power, by means of the Autochrome or the Agfa colour-plate, to record with almost perfect fidelity of colour the many hues of red, gold and brown of the autumn landscape, many of the visitors who at this time of the year throng such wooded retreats as Burnham Beeches would assuredly be tempted to embark upon photography in colour.

THE great simplicity of this process lies in the facts that the colour rendering is obtained quite automatically and that the whole treatment of the exposed plate occupies only a few minutes. After being exposed in the camera, the colour plate is first developed for a given time (about 2½ mins.) in a well-covered dish. Thence it is transferred to a second bath, in which the negative silver image produced in the first development is eaten away; once immersed in this solution it may be freely exposed to light. Finally the plate is fully re-developed in daylight by immersion in the developing bath first used. Washed and dried, this plate then forms the finished colour record.

ADMITTEDLY these colour-plates, being rather easily damaged, need to be handled with care, and, not allowing of any great latitude of exposure, call for the use of an exposure meter.

Apart from the points already referred to, the only special features involved in the use of these colour-plates are that they must be inserted in the plate-holder with the glass surface outwards and with the delicate sensitive surface protected with a card from the springs at the back; that the lens must be fitted with a special light-filter and that, being comparatively slow, the colour-plates necessitate the use of a tripod to support the camera.

FOR fuller details of these processes, including methods of development to compensate for errors in exposure, the reader is referred to descriptive booklets obtainable through any dealers; but it is hoped that this brief notice will induce some few to take interest in a beautiful process that is one of the marvels of modern photography.

T. L. J. BENTLEY

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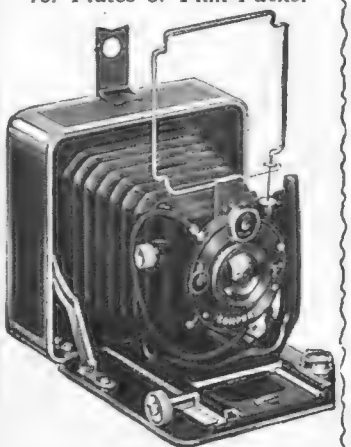

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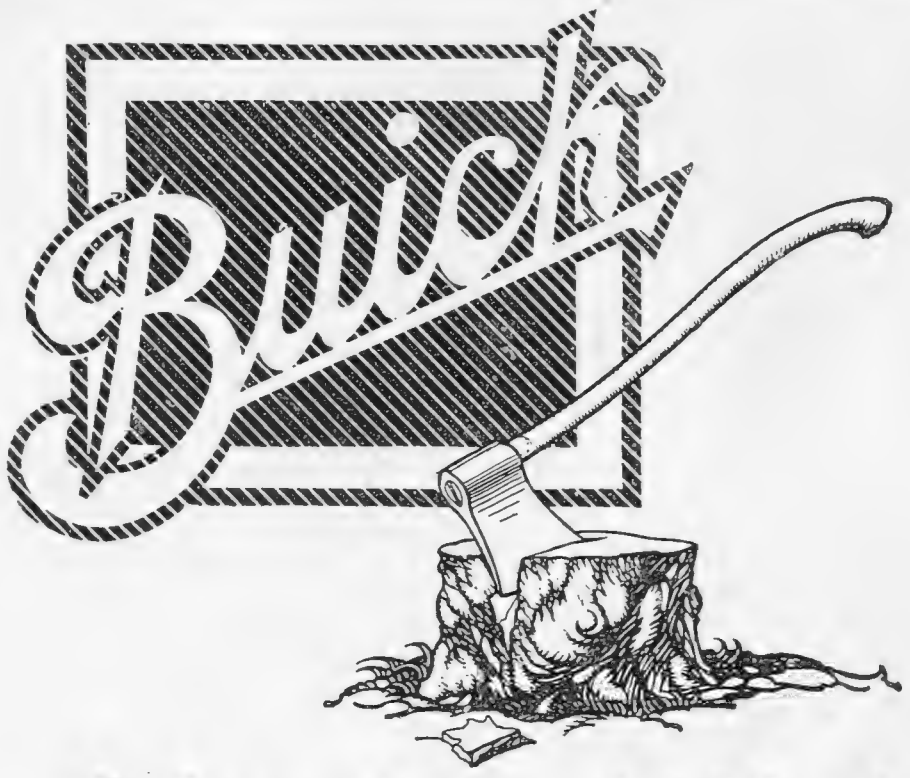
The new 20 h.p. Six



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The FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES give added security, while the new LOW-PRESSURE TYRES insure increased comfort. These new tyres, chosen by Buick engineers after exhaustive tests with every kind of tyre, materially reduce the vibration of the car mechanism and thereby add to its life.

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MP 33

MOTOR NOTES

OUTSIDE NOTRE DAME

An interesting view of the crowd outside the South-West entrance of Notre Dame on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' recent visit to unveil the British War Memorial. One gets quite used to the sight of a right-hand-driven Rolls-Royce in Paris—in fact no less than seven took part in the Prince's procession from the Embassy

WE are all now waking up in the morning and wondering what will be the next price reduction. In the past few weeks petrol has come down twice, and all the car-makers appear to be vying with each other to see who can give the biggest reduction. If they find they cannot cut their price, they give you fuller equipment—so there you are.

* * *

IT is my place to keep as far away from controversial matters as possible, and I am sure that all good Bystanders will agree with me. I am, therefore, not going to go into the reasons why petrol is cheaper or why the cost of cars is coming down. But I should certainly advise the advantageous purchase of one or the other (or, perhaps, of both!) at the present time, as the tendency after going down is to go up. Visitors to the Wembley Amusement Park will appreciate this!

* * *

THERE is a certain mystery in the motor competition world. Down at Brooklands we have a man who has designed, altered and variously tuned one of the world's fastest racing cars. One of the latest results from this car is that it has averaged 120 m.p.h. for 8½ miles from a standing start, and that without breaking the lap record. Now the question arises that while these performances are extraordinarily good and are world's record-breaking, why does this gifted designer more or less confine himself to this one car, few of which type, if any, are in the hands of the public?

CAN it be true that the wizard hands of J. G. P. Thomas have been spread over the record-breaking Lanchester, and that one or two of the other Brooklands meteors have received his tender services? If this be true, I am glad, as I have never seen a finer sight than the blue and white Leyland-Thomas flitting round the track, absurdly low down on the banking, the wheels clinging in the track like leeches, while the speed is at least 20 m.p.h. faster than would appear.

* * *

I WISH to revert to the question of average speeds. Feeling very tired and weary one morning, I refused to drive fast, but just carried on at a steady 30 m.p.h., stopping for nothing, but just concentrating on reaching my journey's end as quickly and comfortably as possible. As a result I took exactly twenty minutes longer over a sixty-five-mile stretch than when I was really driving hard. So there you have a full example of the folly of trying to drive fast. As a matter of fact, the good average was due entirely to the fact that I stopped for nothing. A five-minutes' stop on the road takes a fearful lot of picking up. After considerable experience over the same roads on different cars I have come to the conclusion that a 25 m.p.h. average is the best one can hope for, without going to extremes.

* * *

HOW is one to carry luggage properly? This has always been a problem.

(Continued on page 77.)

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THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

¶ A recent expert opinion concerning the 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce:

"The great asset of the car is its remarkable quietness. The pick-up is also distinctly pleasing, being quite smooth, gentle and silky, yet swift and sure. The lightness in the general control and the feeling of effortless travel are further qualities of value which appealed to me."

The Motoring Correspondent of the "Financial Times," on August 11th, 1924.

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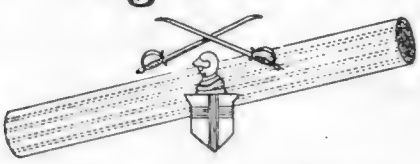

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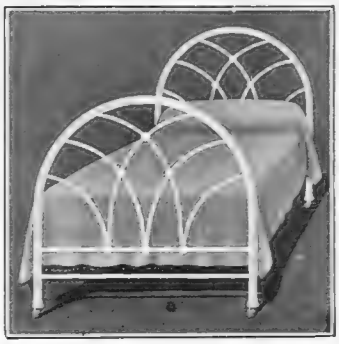

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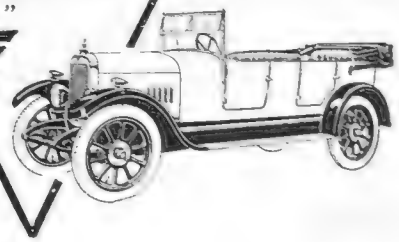

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"The Aristocrat of Scotch whiskies always makes good friends."

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A good solution is to use a four-seater for two people, and to dump all the dunnage in the back. But when there are four owners of luggage to travel in the car the problem is vastly different. First we have the luggage grid, an unsightly protuberance, on which the luggage may be strapped, more or less at the mercy of the weather. Then we have the inside of the body, where suitcases may be stowed in the areas infrequently occupied by the physical attributes of the occupants. Doing most of my driving myself, and refusing to have the pedals, etc., encumbered with parcels, etc., I suffer little discomfort from this method, but some of the comments of the rear passengers have been horrible!

* * *

THE better solution is a trailer, as these carry the weight on their own wheels. They do not take much power to pull, but a certain amount of caution is necessary on corners, particularly at speed. Ordinary week-end kit can be packed away fairly successfully on a touring-car, but holiday luggage wants a fearful lot of thought. Perhaps, after all, the much despised train is the best vehicle for the more ponderous kit.

* * *

THE dangers of high-speed motor-racing have been accentuated in the last few weeks. No fewer than three drivers of international fame have been reported as having been killed, either when racing or when engaged on record attempts. Most people look on flying as the most dangerous speed pursuit, but really it is not so. In the air one can go up and down, as well as from side to side, but on the ground only lateral movement is possible. When a car is travelling at two miles a minute, it is covering nearly sixty yards in each second. The most minute deflection of the steering wheels will result in a very appreciable dart sideways, and at such a speed brakes are practically useless, and are in fact dangerous if incautiously applied. Therefore all honour should be accorded those who risk their necks for the betterment of the motor vehicle.

A TALBOT SPORTS MODEL

The 10-23 h.p. Talbot sports model which has been entered for numerous hill-climbs and speed trials in the South of England

THE abolition of Summer Time has resulted in motorists realising very keenly its advantages. To find that darkness suddenly arrived an hour earlier in the day's motoring came in the nature of a shock to some people. Previously it was possible to get home in daylight in time for dinner, but now in these wintry months, it is difficult to do. It always happens in the first few weeks of winter time that more trouble is experienced with lighting sets than at any other time. The reason is that they have not been used so much, and they are therefore not so efficient as they should be.

* * *

OWING to its nature the charabanc is one of the slowest vehicles on the road, while at the other end of the scale we have the modern racing car. The two were seen in conjunction on Saturday, September 20, when the Junior Car Club ran its annual 200 miles race at Brooklands. The club, by the way, had successfully organised a service of charabancs to transport spectators from London to the track. The scoring arrangements for the race were much better this year. When it is realised that a car passes the timekeeper every three seconds, it will be seen that it is somewhat difficult to keep track of the progress of the race, but the committee had taken the matter well in hand.

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NINE H.P. CAR
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Inclusive Terms, from 15/- per day, commencing Oct. 6.

For further particulars write "Resident Manager."

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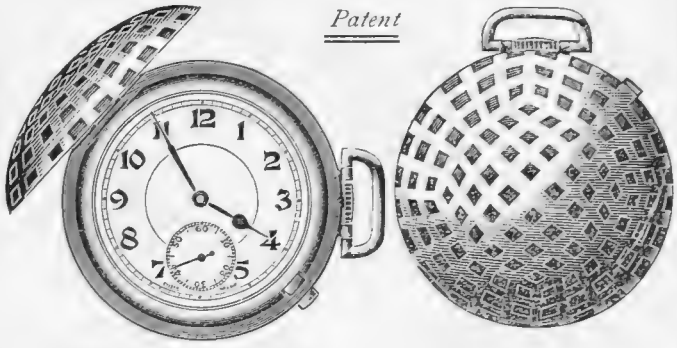
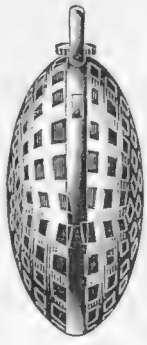
The Golfer's Watch

Patent



Illustrations actual size.



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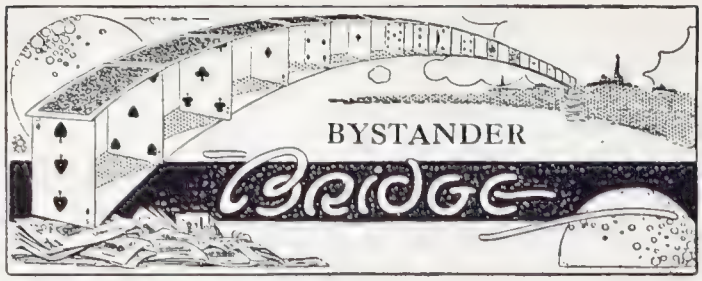

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

WHEN BOTH SIDES HOLD NO-TRUMPERS

It sometimes happens that two opponents have No-Trumps hands. That is to say, either of them could make "one No-Trumps" if allowed to play it. The advantage of playing the joint hands with the exposed dummy is from one to two tricks in favour of the declarer. But it is a rare occurrence for two players to hold hands on which either of them could make three No-Trumps.

As the third problem in Competition No. IV I set the following—

Score: Game all. Z deals and bids "one No-Trumps." A and Y "No bid"; B "two No-Trumps"; Z "three No-Trumps"; A and Y "No bid"; B "double three No-Trumps"; all pass.

Z makes "three No-Trumps." B could also have made three No-Trumps. Construct a hand on which such a state of affairs is possible, allowing for the correct conventional opening lead and placing in Dummy's hand no cards of value.

. . . . . .

Several competitors state that they consider such a state of affairs impossible on sound calling. They argue that if Z could bid "three No-Trumps" over "two No-Trumps" it must follow that he could have doubled "two No-Trumps" effectively. Or that if B could correctly double "three No-Trumps" it must be because Z had called badly.

"If," wrote one competitor, "B could have made three No-Trumps, then his double of Z's bid must be correct and Z could not *possibly* make three No-Trumps."

Plausible as these arguments sound, the correspondents who use them forget one important factor, viz., the lead. I quite admit that it is difficult, if not impossible, to construct hands where either side could make three No-Trumps against any possible lead. But that was not the problem. B and Z were entitled to take a reasonable chance of going game.

What I wanted to get were hands on which it was better for Z to bid "three No-Trumps" rather than to double two, which would be the natural inclination of most players.

. . . . . .

Many ingenious hands were sent in, but some I have ruled out as not fulfilling the conditions.

Mr. E. A. Gregory sent the following—

S—7, 6, 3.
H—6, 5, 4.
D—10, 5, 4, 3, 2.
C—8, 7.

S—5, 4, 2.
H—10, 9, 8, 7.
D—9, 8, 7.
C—10, 6, 5.

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

S—K, J, 10.
H—K, J.
D—A, J.
C—A, Q, J, 9, 4, 3.

S—A, Q, 9, 8.
H—A, Q, 3, 2.
D—K, Q, 6.
C—K, 2.

A leads the 10 of Hearts. Z gets in with the Queen, establishes his Diamonds and makes three by cards against any defence. On the other hand, if B bids "three No-Trumps," Z opens the 8 of Spades and B makes his contract. But Z's success here depended upon the long suit of Diamonds headed by 10 in Y's hand, which was in the nature of a happy find.

Mr. L. J. Walker's hand is as follows—

S—8, 6, 4, 2.
H—9, 7, 5, 3.
D—9, 8, 7, 5, 4.
C—None.

S—9, 7, 3.
H—8, 6, 4, 2.
D—3.
C—7, 6, 5, 4, 2.

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

S—J, 10, 5.
H—A, K.
D—K, Q, J, 10, 6, 2.
C—A, Q.

S—A, K, Q.
H—Q, J, 10.
D—A.
C—K, J, 10, 9, 8, 3.

Here the success of Z depends upon a Club being opened. Z has taken considerable risk in his bid, having only a single Diamond. If B goes three No-Trumps Z must open Jack of Clubs and B makes his game. But B's hand looks like a good double of three No-Trumps.

. . . . . .

Many competitors sent variations of Mr. Walker's hand.

Mrs. Holmes Wilson gave a very similar hand, giving Z bare Ace of Clubs and six Diamonds to K, J, 10, and making A open a Diamond.

Now here are hands which occurred in actual play, and it will be noted that each bidder was taking a risk in a suit.

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

S—K, Q.
H—A, J.
D—A, Q, J, 10, 7, 6, 4, 2.
C—K.

S—A, J.
H—K, Q
D—K.
C—A, Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 7, 2.

Z bid three No-Trumps over B's "two No-Trumps," and was doubled by B. A opened a Spade. Z gambled on a Diamond not being led, and he had to drop the King of Clubs to make his contract. If he had doubled B's two No-Trumps he would only have got him down if he had opened Ace of Clubs. Would he and should he? The conventional lead is the Queen, but I am of opinion that with eight he should have opened the Ace. Both B and Z were good players. It was the rubber game. Z preferred to gamble the "three No-Trumper" instead of doubling B's bid. B could not have made five Diamonds if he had called them and his hand looked good for a double of three No-Trumps, although on the bidding he should have suspected that Z held abnormal length in Clubs.

My readers may like to try to invent some more normal types of hands which would fulfil the conditions laid down in the Competition.

Bystander Four Weeks Competition No. V

First Prize	£10
Second Prize	£5
Third Prize	£3

And Three Prizes of Bystander Bridge Sets, value one guinea each.

Prizes as above will be allotted to the competitors who obtain the highest number of marks. My decision is final, and no correspondence can be entered into on the competition. The rules are as before. No competitor can send in more than one solution. Pseudonyms may be used, but full name and address must be given. To avoid taking up valuable space these rules will not be repeated each week.

Competitors should keep their solutions, and not send them in until the closing date, which will be announced in the fourth week.

Problem No. 1—First Week

Score: Game all. A, B, 10 in rubber game. Z deals and bids "one No-Trumps"; A and Y "No bid"; B "three Hearts." Z holds—

S—K, J, 8. H—A, 3. D—K, Q, 7, 6. C—A, K, J, 3.

(*a*) What should Z say?

Score: Love all. Z deals and holds—

S—J, 3, 2. H—10, 5, 3. D—K, 7, 8, 2. C—A, K, Q.

(*b*) What should Z say?

Score: Game all. Z deals and bids "one No-Trumps"; A "No bid." Y holds—S—Q, 5, 2. H—K, 6, 4, 2. D—K, Q, J, 10, 8, 6. C—None.

(*c*) What should Y say?

Shoe quality and shoe service!

THE qualities which give style to shoes are seldom very marked. Minute variations in proportion, the fit at ankle and instep, and the placing of the straps determine the grace and comfort of a shoe. For this reason the characteristics that distinguish a smart modish shoe from a commonplace one cannot be successfully conveyed by illustration. Those below merely indicate three out of many smart and popular models which we have in your size and individual fitting.

EB 1027
63/-

This is an exclusive London Shoe Company model in Hazel kid with beige suede underlay. Smart Louis heel.

FB 1294
78/-

An unusual shoe in best quality brown lizard skin with leather military heel. It is suitable for both town and country wear.

HB 2105
63/-

A delightfully-coloured Oriental Brocade Shoe with a becoming Louis XV heel. This captivating model is also made in White Striped Satin at 59/6, and can thus be dyed to match your gown at an extra charge of 5s.

The London Shoe Company has helped many Ladies to perfectly fitting shoes

IT is easy and pleasant to select your shoes at the London Shoe Company's Bond Street, Sloane Street or Regent Street Salons. Ladies who go there once go there always. They find in shoe buying all the peculiarly feminine interest and attraction that they experience in selecting a hat or a frock. They feel that what is being sought is not merely a shoe that fits and is in the correct style of the moment, but the individual shoe among many fashionable styles that is going to suit them best.

They are sure of the service of an expert assistant to find just such a shoe. An assistant whose help is both patient and courteous, and who has at her disposal a stock sufficiently large and varied to supply the customer's exact size and fitting in the style of shoe she chooses.

Ladies, too, who have experienced the difficulty of getting the correct style and fit in a fabric shoe of the desired shade will appreciate the unique dyeing facilities we place at their disposal. At our Bond Street Salon we have the services of an artist-dyer with an unrivalled reputation for matching exact tones, and who works with a collection of pre-war fast dyes. A large number of white satin shoes in many designs and fittings are kept in stock which can be dyed in a day to match any colour or tone of frock for evening wear, and this service is much appreciated by women who have chosen gowns in the many new colourings which are usually very difficult to reproduce in footwear. Stockings, too, can be dyed, at a nominal charge, to match exactly any pattern of material supplied by a customer. This is a great advantage with most day frocks as well as with evening gowns.

Those who wear patent shoes with afternoon gowns or tailor mades often experience the greatest difficulty in matching shades in lace, silk, satin, face cloth, or other fashionable materials now produced in many new weavings which give different tones to the surface.

Shades of brown and grey are the hardest to match exactly, and a wrong tone in hosiery or footwear can seriously disturb the whole effect of one's appearance. But this can be avoided by taking advantage of our dyeing service. If you have not yet done so, visit our Bond Street, Sloane Street or Regent Street Salons for your next pair of shoes. For the use of our numerous out-of-town customers we have prepared an authoritative catalogue (B) of shoe styles which we will be pleased to send post free on receipt of postcard.

Those, however, who can do so will find it pleasureable to make a personal call at any of our Salons and learn at first hand the satisfaction of our unique service.

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KING OF HARMONIA

A TALE OF THE FUTURE

PARLIAMENT met once a year in the little Kingdom of Harmonia just to wind up the machinery, for the country was so well organised that it went by itself twelve months at a time.

Other nations envied Harmonia, for it had no unemployment, it was at peace with the world, and its income tax was twopence in the pound.

Its prosperity dated from the coronation of good King Ronald, who ruled Harmonia with such a magic hand that his subjects believed him inspired. He was the wisest man ever. Solomon wasn't in it with King Ronald. He knew more than all his scientists, inventors, engineers and politicians put together. Ideas flowed from him in a stream that turned to gold, and spread itself over all his kingdom.

Yet he was a simple-living, humble man. He disliked the pomp and ceremony of his Court, and often, in the evenings, he would dress like one of his subjects and walk alone in his beautiful garden.

His favourite seat was in a rose bower, and there, with bowed head, he would think out the problems his Ministers brought to him.

. . . . . .

These were the days when The Earth had not only communicated with Mars, but when people from the two planets had actually exchanged visits.

The Martians were found to be physically like us. Their troubles, too, were the same. Socialist Governments had followed Conservative and Liberal, with no result but a change for the worse. They abolished nationalities, and ran the planet like a World State, but their woes increased tenfold.

"We want a man," they said.

The President of Mars, while preparing for his job, had visited The Earth, and had spent two industrious years in Harmonia.

"The man for us," he said, "is the King of Harmonia. Bring him here, and I will give him my billet."

He forgot to add he would be jolly glad to get rid of it.

. . . . . .

Two fearless men were chosen for the job. They flew to Harmonia in a helicopter. They landed in a wood near the King's Palace, and then hid themselves in the garden. At twilight one evening they sprang from their hiding-place. An alarm was raised, but help came too late. A roar was heard, and the helicopter rose up from the wood as fast as a shooting star.

The bower was empty next day.

. . . . . .

When the helicopter reached Mars, a special meeting of the Government was called to explain to the King of Harmonia why he was captured, and to promise safe return to his kingdom if he would rule Mars for five years.

In an adjoining room the kidnappers sat with their prisoner.

"Bring him in," said the Prime Minister, and they came forward leading their aged captive.

The Prime Minister made a magnificent speech in the Harmoniam language, which he had learnt during his stay in the happy little kingdom.

"Help us," he concluded, "and, if your wisdom can make Mars half as happy as your own Kingdom, we promise you safe return, and a pension of a million a year."

The old man looked sadly round.

"It is impossible," he said.

"Is it not true," said the Prime Minister, "that Harmonia was once as unhappy as Mars?"

"Yes," said the old man, stroking his beard, "but a new guidance is needed here."

"Your own," said the Prime Minister.

"My task is elsewhere," said the captive.

"Do you understand," said the Prime Minister, "that while we hold you prisoner your own country will suffer?"

"My presence here can make little difference to Harmonia," replied the old man.

"What do you mean?" said the Prime Minister, suspicion seizing him.

"I mean," replied the captive, "that you have got the wrong man. I am the King's head gardener."

ALEX. POTTER

MR. PHILIP DE LASZLÓ
An Impression by Hynes of the well-known painter

TIME TO GO

FACE to face they stood.

"Don't you think you ought to be going?" she said in an annoyed tone.

No answer.

"You know you ought to be going," she said, sternly.

But no answer.

This seemed rather to bewilder her. She tilted her pretty head slightly to one side, and looked pleadingly into the face before her.

"You'd no business to be stopping now, you know, and I think you're a beastly old thing for not going when you ought. It's getting late, and I know very well if father was to come in now, he'd say that it was time I was in bed. I believe *you're* asleep now!"

If she expected her words to have any effect, she was disappointed.

"They say that a woman's mind is a queer box of tricks which performs very erratically," she continued, hopelessly. "But it's no queerer than yours, you silly old thing. Why can't you take the hint—it's broad enough! and go? I'm not going to bed until you do. And I'll slap your face for you, if that will assist you in any way!"

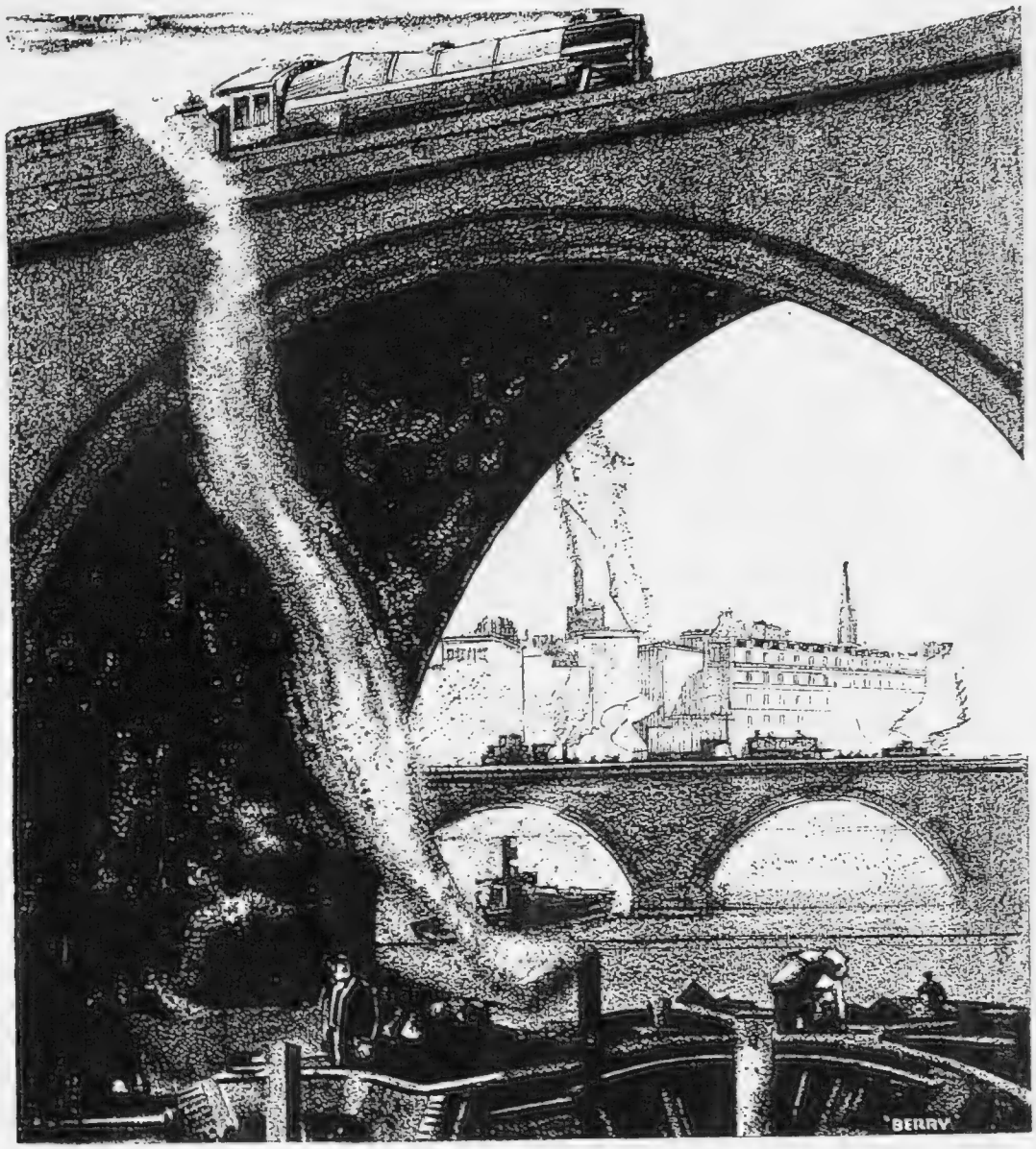
Now she was really cross. As every man knows, to receive a woman's expostulations with absolute silence is to drive her mad.

"Look here!" she cried. "What you want is shaking. *And* I'll shake you! I'm not afraid to do it, even if women are supposed to leave such rough treatment to the menfolk. Bah! That's all rot!" And she carried out her threat.

The result was first simply a sort of groan of disapproval. But her efforts proved successful. The clock went!

M.B.

TRADE ROUTES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY



Drawn for Lever Brothers Limited by Charles Berry

The Romance of Trade

Sunlight Soap, in the space of a few short years, has reached and maintains the largest sale in the world. Sunlight Soap has the largest sale because it is the best soap in the world; because it is made from the finest materials, manufactured by exacting methods, by happy workers in ideal surroundings; because its supreme standard of purity is jealously guarded; because the makers of Sunlight Soap realize that their first and last aim must ever be: the highest service to the public. These are some of the reasons why

Sunlight Soap

HAS THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

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TOPICAL TALES

TOUJOURS PERDRIX

By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER.

If you have ever seen a canal and a swift river side by side in the same valley you will have a very good idea of the state of things prevailing at Crowhams, the Parfitt's place in Norfolk, during the first week of September. M. Tartarin suggested the canal, although, as his nickname further suggested, there was nothing at all stagnant about him. The relationship between Arthur Dakin and George Baldwin and Pamela Parfitt, who were three of the quietest, most placid, best-behaved young English people of the pre-jazz convention that you could wish to meet, provided the mountain torrent simile. The reasons were respectively that M. Tartarin was in love with no one, except perhaps M. Tartarin and *le sport*, while the others—but that is where the story comes in.

M. Tartarin was short, and he was stout, and he was heavily bearded in black, and he bounced like a ball and exploded at intervals like a Mills' bomb, only more amiably, and, being what he called a "sporrmans," he wore at all hours of the day—and possibly at night as well—a striking "sporr" costume of yellow leather, with fringed leggings reaching to the thigh, and belts and bandoliers, and bags for carrying the slain. Think of the last person in the world you would have expected to meet in the quiet, well-ordered, pre-ordained home of the Parfitts in fact, and you have M. Tartarin. Of course, if you knew that he had saved the life of Arthur Parfitt during the War, and was one of the best fellows in the world to boot, and beloved even by old Grewson, the butler, you would have understood.

Arthur Dakin and George Baldwin both loved Pamela Parfitt, and perhaps because there was not a pin to choose between them, seen through ordinary eyes, Pamela kept her own council. There seemed every prospect of quiet bloodshed until, as it happened, the very eve of the arrival of M. Tartarin, who reached Crowhams a day or two after the Feast of the Little Brown Brothers. That evening, in the billiard-room, George said to Arthur, unpleasantly, "Look here, we are always wondering which of us is the best shot" (or words to that effect), "and I expect you are getting as tired of it as I am. Let us put it to the test to-morrow, and whoever gets the best bag let the other agree he is the best man and leave it at that." Perhaps, purposely, he was rather obscure, but everyone understood what he meant, especially no doubt Pamela—everyone, that is, with one exception. That exception was M. Tartarin, who naturally was not quite *au fait* with the situation. With all the instincts of the "sporrmans" aroused, he begged that he also might be allowed to enter the lists. And because everyone knew that he did not know, no one raised any objection at all, not even Pamela.

Very early in the morning three men set out in opposite directions, alone and unattended, the rest of the house-party agreeing, with singular unanimity, that, as the weather was vile, they would amuse themselves otherwise and elsewhere. It was already growing dusk when, after who need say what Homeric deeds and perils overcome of flood and field, three weary men returned, as solitary as they had set out, borne almost to the ground beneath the spoils of War. As between the two principal contestants, there was little doubt as to the victor. Arthur had been pursued by the vilest luck; George had never had better fortune. Arthur gazed sadly at a row of little victims, and with a forced smile of resignation was on the point of turning towards his victorious rival with extended hand. But before he could say the fateful words another voice intervened. "I then am the victor," cried M. Tartarin, fumbling as he spoke at the straps of his various game-bags. "See, gentlemen, against your partridges, here is what I have to show." He paused dramatically, even in the moment of victory. "It is of no greater credit to me," he said, generously. "Only I had the better fortune." And all eyes being turned towards him, he thrust his hand dramatically into the gaping mouth of his bag. "Here are first two hares," he began, producing them. "Three rabbits. A goose. Two of your partridges. Four fine thrushes. Two *rouges-gorges*—how you call them—redbreasts. Five — six — seven sparrows. Four ducks—from the lake down there in the park. And last—ah! Messieurs, I can see the generous envy in your eyes—a magnificent lady-fox." He turned, tears of generous triumph in his eyes, to comfort his defeated adversaries.

There was a long moment of awed silence. Old General Parfitt staggered and almost fell, but recovering himself covered his face with his hands, and stood magnificently silent. George Baldwin, perhaps because the spoils of victory had been snatched from beneath his very eyes, cried out to his gods, in terms which had certainly never before been heard upon the terrace at peaceful Crowhams, and as certainly, need not be recorded, to the effect that a scoundrel, a something scoundrel had shot a something vixen, and shaking his fist beneath the astonished victor's nose, turned and rushed away round the corner of the house, strange words whirling in a cloud behind him.

M. Tartarin turned about him in amazement. "He has gone mad. He has become suddenly deranged," he cried, astounded.

Arthur Dakin alone preserved his presence of mind. He shook M. Tartarin warmly by the hand. "I congratulate you, Monsieur," he said, "upon the greatest of your victories. There is, I am sure, not a man in Norfolk who can claim such a record as you have made to-day. You must not blame us that we are, how shall I put it, a little overcome for the moment."

M. Tartarin threw his arms about the excellent young man, drew his head down towards him and kissed him warmly upon both cheeks.

So, half-an-hour later, did Pamela.

Probably she was right, for luck with a gun is nothing, matrimonially considered, compared to tact and consideration.

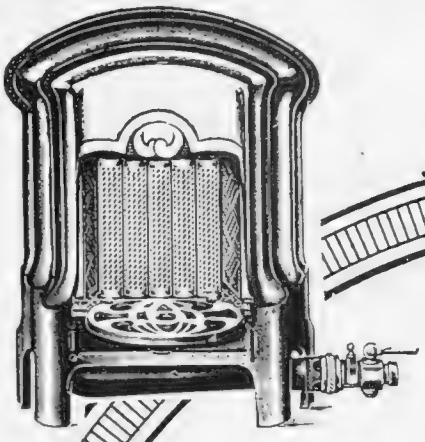
O. M. H.

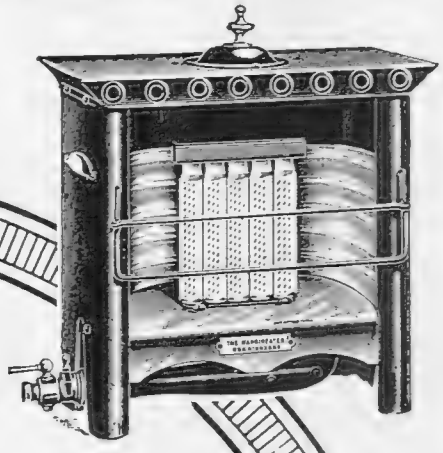
FRIEND OR FOE?

An alert band of Colonel Richardson's trained Airedales, answering questions in the interrogative

HEATING & LIGHTING THROUGH THE AGES

By MRS. M. VINCE





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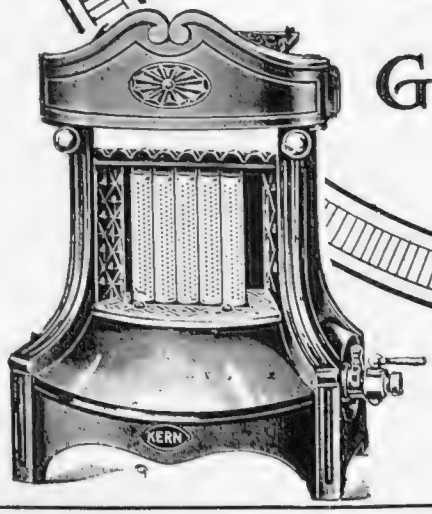
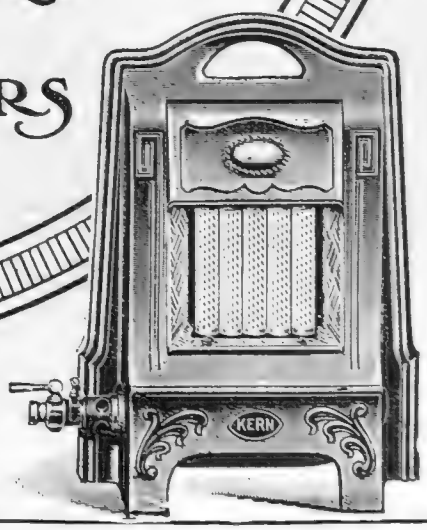
Advertisement of the Welsbach Light Co., Ltd., Welsbach House, King's Cross, London, W.C.1





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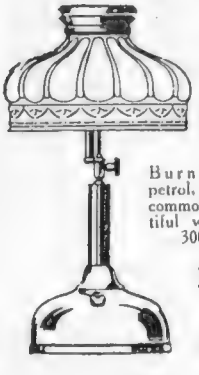
MAKE COUNTRY HOMES AS LIGHT AS ANY IN TOWN



Country homes, bungalows, etc., can now be as brightly lit at night as any city or town dwelling where gas or electric is available. The cost is less than halfpenny per hour, and the light more than twenty times the old-fashioned sooty wick lamp.

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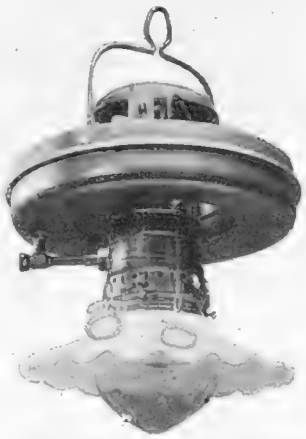
FROM CANDLES TO ELECTRICITY

THE candle is still the most romantic of all lights. It has the dignity and beauty of something that is very simple and very old. The time during which we have had electric light is nothing, and during which we have had gas next to nothing, as compared with the centuries during which the candle was the only artificial light of English houses. The oil lamp is actually older. It is the oldest of all artificial lights after the torch. It was the commonest domestic light in Roman times. But in England it is the candle that is the old light. It came to us with Christianity. Like other things in our houses, its first use was religious. Then for a long time the making of tallow candles was an ordinary part of the housework of English homes, and the candle reached its zenith in the blaze of light in English rooms at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. When it goes—but it has not gone yet—it will still remain in phrases that are a permanent part of our speech, like "burning the candle at both ends" and "not worth the candle" and "cannot hold a candle to," and Candlemas and candle-power. All the other modern lights are infants beside the ancient candle, but we forget already how astonishingly young they are. Dates are dull things, but half the romance of modern lighting is in three or four dates. It was just 145 years ago that coal-gas was first used in an English house. There was no burner. It was lighted at the open end of the gas-pipe. But gas, as in any way a general illuminant, is much less than a hundred years old, and it was still possible for a writer on house-decoration of only forty years ago to speak of oil-lamps and candles as much superior to gas except in nurseries and spare-rooms, where gas was an advantage only because of the carelessness of children and guests. She was already looking forward to electric light.

It was not until 1885 that the first of the incandescent burners, which so enormously improved gas, was patented. Fifteen years before that the patent had been taken out for the first electric incandescent lamp, but it was not until the last decade of the nineteenth century that electricity really began to be used. Modern lighting has, in fact, come within the life-time of those who would scarcely call themselves middle-aged.



THE LIPSIA SHADOWLESS HANGING LAMP

Which burns a gas generated from methylated spirit mixed with air at a cost of from a ½d. to ¾d. an hour. It has no wick but a mantle. There is also a table-lamp on the same principle which if dropped or upset is automatically extinguished. Made by Kerridge and Co.

One must not think of modern lighting, as those who live in towns are inclined to believe, in terms simply of coal-gas and electricity. The larger part of Great Britain has neither a gas nor an electric supply. But even where gas and electric mains do not run, the houses are not entirely dependent now on the candle and the oil lamp. Electricity can, of course, be installed in houses with its own plant, but there are younger lights even than electricity—acetylene gas, which dates from the last years of the nineteenth century, and petrol-air gas, which is a child of the twentieth. They, too, need their own plants. All three have their advantages. Electricity is the best, and so much more can be done with it besides the lighting, but it is the most expensive. Acetylene is the cheapest and the simplest. Petrol-air gas comes in between the two, but it has the advantage that it can be used for cooking as well as for lighting, while acetylene can only be used for cooking on a small scale.

A GRACEFUL STANDARD LAMP

In mahogany, designed by the Aladdin Industries Limited. The Aladdin paraffin lamps show how simple it is to have a clear and beautiful light where there is neither gas nor electricity

Then there are the methylated spirit lamp, the candle and the oil-lamp. The candle is still the candle, but the change in the oil-lamp, within the generation which has seen both gas and electricity become what they are to-day, is almost as remarkable. Until the end of the eighteenth century it remained much what it had been for over 2,000 years. It was still a shallow vessel, like the terra-cotta lamps of ancient Rome, with a short length of wick floating in it, and a smoky flame "giving the minimum of light, with the maximum of smell."

Now, with its incandescent mantle, clear light and absence of smoke, it is as different from the lamps of the eighteenth century as is the modern gaslight from that first smoking flame of gas at the end of the open pipe.

At the beginning of *The Old Wives' Tale*, Mr. Arnold Bennett speaks of the middle of the last century as the middle ages. In lighting, it seriously was almost a part of the Middle Ages. It was nearer to the fourteenth century than to 1924. In the last forty or fifty years there have been greater developments in lighting than there were in the four or five centuries before.

REPRODUCTION OF A BEAUTIFUL GILT-WOOD GEORGIAN CHANDELIER

In the hall of a modern London house

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FIREPLACE

A BEAUTIFUL TUDOR PANELLED CHIMNEY-PIECE FITTED WITH A VICTORIAN GRATE

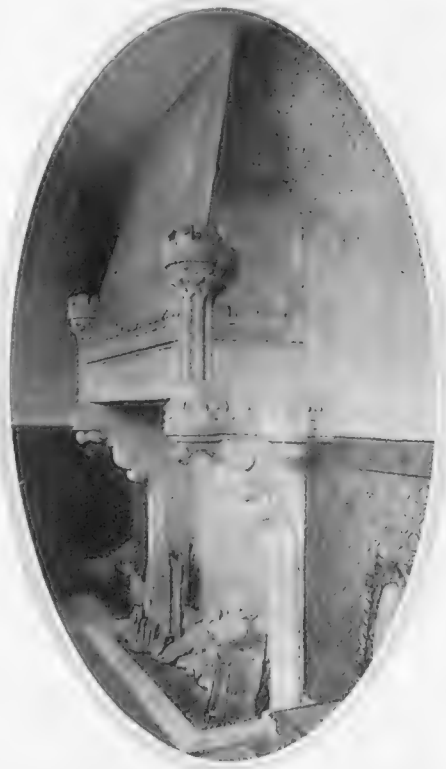
THE fireplace was once *literally* the centre of the English room, and though for centuries now its place has been against the wall, it is still, in importance, the centre—the part of the room where for most of the year we still sit. That is why the mantelpiece is decoratively the most important part of the room. If you look at old panelled rooms, you will see that however elaborate the carving may be, it is the mantelpiece to which the greatest care has been given, and for which has been reserved the most beautiful carving. Nor have new methods of heating yet taken away its importance. The first thing which a room must have, if it is to be well decorated, is a good mantelpiece.

IT is very interesting to see how the construction and decoration of the fireplace have changed through the centuries. First came the open hearth, piled with logs in the centre of the room. It was a very good place, the natural place to have it, in those great halls, which in the early English houses were the living, eating and sleeping-rooms of the whole household. The drawback was the smoke. It blew about the room, finding its way out as best it could through a hole in the roof above. The disadvantages were much greater than the advantages, and so, in order to get rid of the smoke more easily, the hearth was put against the wall; and that was the beginning of the fireplace as we know it to-day.

BUT at first there was no chimney. The smoke went out by a short flue through a hole in the side of the wall. The fireplace was no more than a shallow recess. Sometimes it was not even a recess, the fire being simply placed against the wall instead of in the middle of the room. But this arrangement, with a short flue leading to a hole in the wall, was a very imperfect way of getting rid of the smoke. One can imagine what a down-draught there would be, and how often the smoke would be blown back into the room. So, in order to catch the smoke, big hoods were built out into the room, sometimes of wood, but more often of stone; and these were the first mantelpieces.

Gradually the flue was carried further up. Its outlet was still in the side of the wall, but instead of only being a little way above the fireplace it was near the top of the building. Then came the chimney-shaft, which carried the smoke right above the roof, with a hole in the top instead of in the side. Inside the room, the fireplace became a deep recess, the hood disappeared, and to the flat hearth succeeded the big dog-grate for the logs. This was the beginning of the modern chimney-piece. But there were still great changes to come. The chief was a change in fuel.

THOSE old fireplaces were built to heat very large halls, and they were built for log-fires. For both these reasons they themselves were very large. Sometimes they were almost small rooms, with seats on either side. Then, in the eighteenth century, came into more general use the newer fuel, coal. It gave a more concentrated heat. It required a stronger draught and a smaller flue. For both these reasons it did not need so large a fireplace. The great chimney-pieces and the open hearth were now not only unnecessary, but unsuitable, and in many old houses the open hearth has been filled in to adapt it for the new fuel. With these changes came also smaller grates, first the high hob-grate of the eighteenth century and then the Victorian bar-grate, lower and without hobs, which one still sees in many of the older houses.



THE EARLY HEARTH PUT AGAINST THE WALL

With no chimney recess, but a big stone hood and a short flue

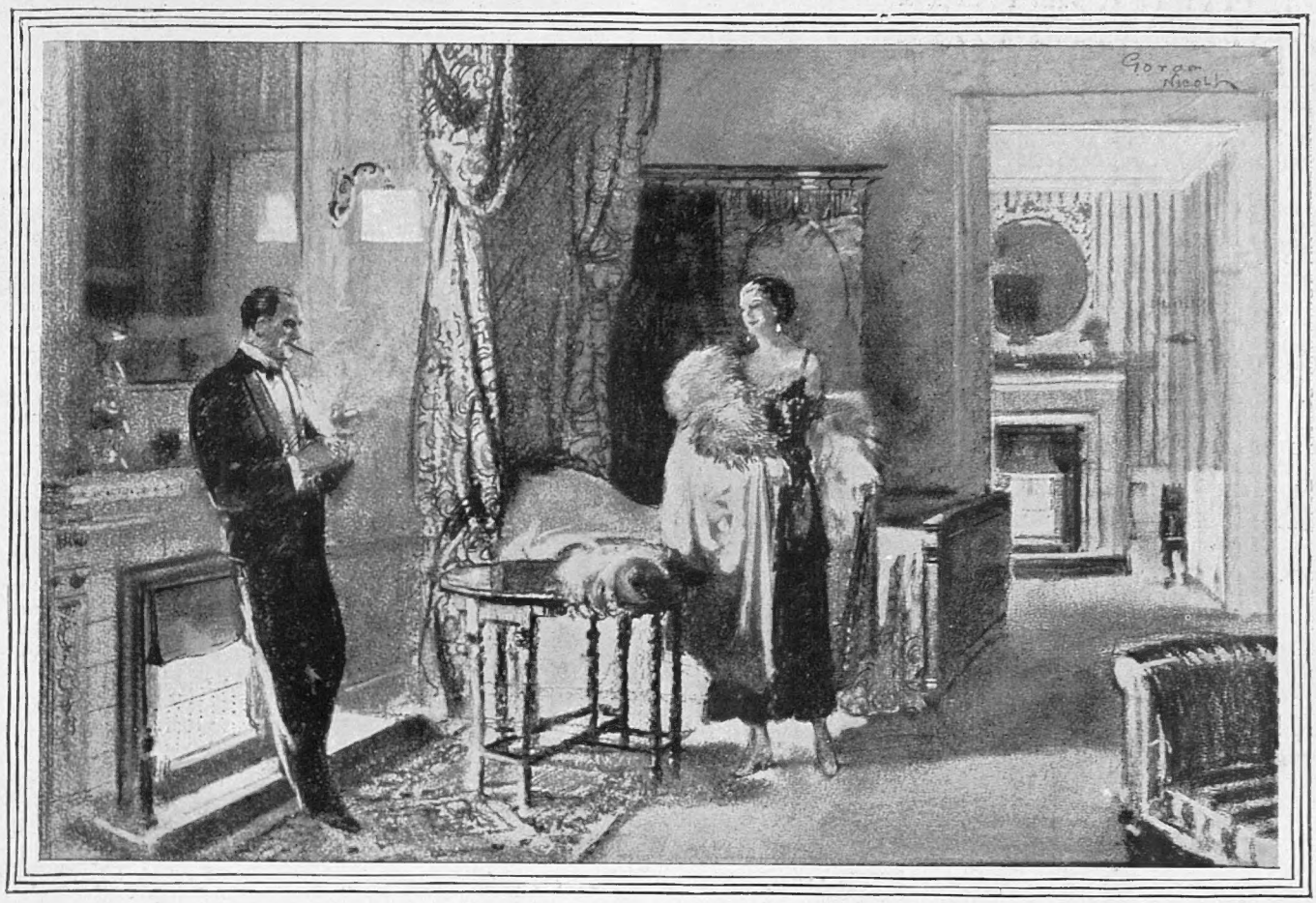
AT the same time other changes were going on in the English house which also affected the mantelpiece. The great hall had largely disappeared, giving place to a number of smaller living-rooms. Still more important, and directly affecting the decoration of the mantelpiece, was the growing fashion for wallpapers, instead of panelling. You can see at once how and why this change meant a change also in the mantelpiece. Where the whole room was panelled, the carved wooden mantelpiece reaching up to the ceiling fitted naturally with the rest of the room. With wallpaper it was obviously out of place. Those great carved chimney-pieces survive, in a very modified form, in the mantelpiece with an overmantel, but the new type of mantelpiece introduced by this change is the mantelpiece stopping just above the fireplace with a simple shelf.

THERE have been many changes in our houses, and especially in their heating, since the eighteenth century—new types of grates and new fuels—but there has been no change which affects the mantelpiece in the same way as the coming of coal and wallpaper. Gas and anthracite stoves, which have so largely taken the place of the open coal fire, need, like it, a flue to ventilate them, so that their use, while it may modify the design of the fireplace, does not change it in any essential feature.

It is interesting to trace in this way the evolution of the fireplace, and when one arrives at this point one sees at once its practical importance, especially at a time when so much house-decoration consists simply in accurately reproducing styles of the past. The modern English fireplace dates from the eighteenth century, because since then there has been no essential change. If we take the mantelpieces of that century as the essential standard of design, it is not only that they are of unsurpassed beauty, but because they are practically suitable to the present-day English house. But there have been many important changes in recent years in the grates. The bar-grates were very wasteful of fuel, and now the fire is once more on the flat hearth. But half the heat does not go roaring up the chimney, as it did in the days of the great fireplaces and log-fires. Modern grates are carefully designed to use little fuel and to waste as little heat as possible up the chimney.

THIS is a time of many experiments in heating, a time of transition. Perhaps the chimney-piece will entirely disappear. It would disappear if electricity became the sole fuel of our houses. It might disappear if central-heating became universal. But that time has not come yet, and the chimney-piece, whether there is an open-grate for coal, or a gas-fire, or an anthracite-stove, still remains decoratively the chief part of the room.

(Continued on page 784)

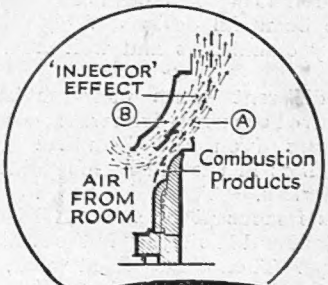


A Warm Welcome Home — *Study by Gordon NICOLL*

Instant Warmth with Perfect Ventilation

In winter-time, more important even than heating is the question of *fresh air* in a room. How the one is ingeniously made to provide the other, explains the amazing popularity of the Radiation Gas Grates, which embody the patent "Injector-Ventilator." This exclusive feature ensures a constant steady circulation of pure, fresh air in the room, with avoidance of draughts, and has the full approval of the Medical Profession.

The Radiation Gas Grates have two openings under the canopy leading to the flue. The lower or "Injector" opening (A) carries away the entire combustion products, and the upper or "Ventilating" opening (B) carries away a large volume of air drawn from the room. The ascending current through the lower outlet promotes by Injector-action the ventilating function in the outlet above; the result is that while pure radiant heat is distributed throughout the room the air of the room is changed a sufficient number of times to ensure an agreeable and healthy atmosphere being maintained.



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'INJECTOR VENTILATOR' GAS GRATES

However tastefully your room may be furnished and decorated, there is a Radiation Gas Grate that will suit it admirably. A variety of designs can be seen at your Gas Showrooms. Also at Ironmongers', Stores, or at any of the showrooms of the Radiation firms named below.

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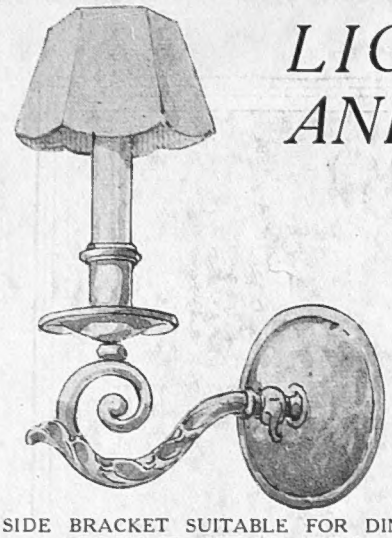
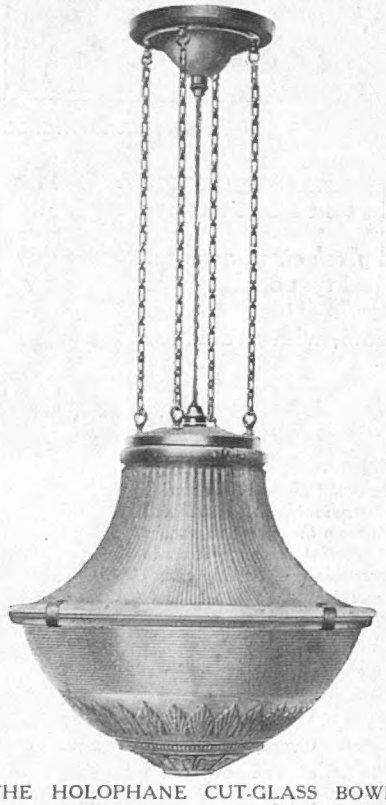
LIGHT FITTINGS AND LAMPSHADES



SIDE BRACKET SUITABLE FOR DINING ROOM OR SITTING ROOM

Petrol gas, with its simple generating plant, is one of the modern ways of lighting country houses. This bracket, designed by Messrs. Spenser for their "Silverlite" petrol gas, can also be used for electricity

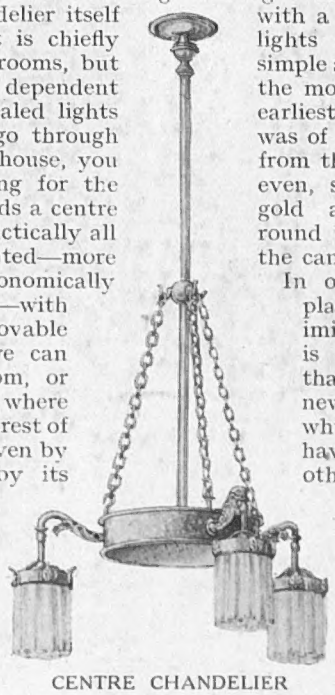
CHANDELIERS are very old. Pope Hadrian is said to have presented one to St. Peter's which would hold 1,370 candles. That was over eleven hundred years ago. Yet in English houses they are comparatively modern. It was not until the Restoration that chandeliers were at all common in England, and for a long time afterwards small houses seem to have been still content with candlesticks and wall-brackets. Even where chandeliers were used, it was not to replace, but to supplement, the other lights.



THE HOLOPHANE CUT-GLASS BOWL

For semi-indirect lighting, scientifically designed to soften and distribute the light without wastefully absorbing any of it

WHEN gas took the place of candles in the nineteenth century, the chandelier became much more important. One could no longer place lights about the room just where one liked. But now that the flexible electric wire has taken the place of the gas-pipe we have again something of the same freedom with our lights that people had in the days of candles, and we want to make the most of it. The first thing to do is to put the chandelier itself in its proper place. It is chiefly useful for large public rooms, but even there we are not dependent on it and can use concealed lights instead, while, if you go through the rooms of your own house, you will find that, excepting for the dining-room, which needs a centre light over the table, practically all the rooms are better lighted—more conveniently, more economically and more beautifully—with wall-brackets and movable lamps. In this way we can light up the whole room, or concentrate light just where it is needed, leaving the rest of the room in shadow. Even by day a room lighted by its windows is full of shadows, and it is this mingling of lights and shadows which is most beautiful at night.



CENTRE CHANDELIER

Another of Messrs. Spenser's fittings for petrol-gas or electricity

THE influence of the candle is stronger than ever, although we can do things with electric light which the people of the eighteenth century would have envied. Where they had branches for candles standing out from the frames of their pictures, we can light ours most beautifully with concealed lamps, which almost make the light part of the picture. Yet though we can do what they could not, their ways of lighting are our best model, and it is not surprising that one of the results of electric lighting has been the revival of the beautiful designs of eighteenth century chandeliers and wall-brackets.

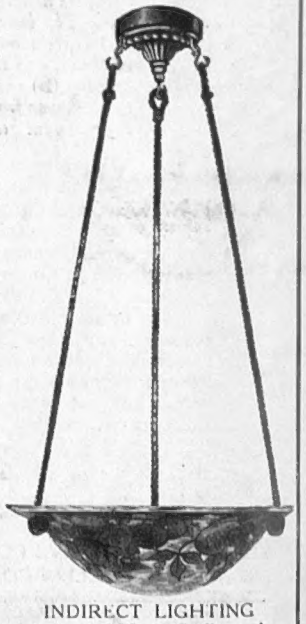
AT different times many materials have been used. Iron was succeeded by brass (you see beautiful brass chandeliers in the old Dutch paintings of interiors. There is one in Van Eyck's famous picture of "A Flemish Merchant and His Wife" in the National Gallery). Then came gilded wood, and glass, and we are using all these materials now. Painted wood is the material of the chandelier in the modern dining-room in the Palace of Art at Wembley, and there were some fine chandeliers of polished woods in the Gothenburg Exhibition last year.

EVEN the Victorian lustre chandeliers are being revived, after disappearing and finding their way to many strange places. I have a photograph of one in the dining-room of a West African Chief, and the other day I saw one in a little old country church in Sweden, looking very strange among the primitive frescoes which covered the walls. But now the old furniture and glass-shops are collecting them. I know one such shop where they are always busy with baskets full of lustres, picking out the unbroken ones, arranging them in sizes, stringing them together and suspending them from wire frames.

SOME of the old styles of light-fittings adapt themselves at once to electric light. The circular chandeliers for dining-rooms in brass and wrought iron, with a silk frill or fringe, and the lights inside, are really a very simple adaptation to electricity and the modern house of one of the earliest church chandeliers, which was of iron rings hung by a chain from the roof, and painted—and even, sometimes, decorated with gold and jewels—with sockets round the top of the ring to hold the candles.

In others, the electric light is placed on the top of an imitation candle. But that is not always necessary. In that wonderful building, the new City Hall in Stockholm, while some of the chandeliers have the imitation candles, others have round electric bulbs of frosted glass placed on the ends of the branches.

TO get the right kind of shade is only less important than to get the right kind of light-fittings. I have been reading a book on decoration, published in the eighties of last century, which describes and recommends some German shades. "The Germans also make beautiful lamp-screens by cutting out scalloped pieces of tissue paper, on which are placed real leaves and coloured grasses. The effect of these when nicely arranged is really positively beautiful. About five of these scalloped pieces of paper make one shade, and they are tied together with very narrow ribbon bows at the top." Horrible! And yet one sometimes sees to-day shades which, in other ways, are just as extravagant and absurd. One does not want "real leaves and coloured grasses," but equally one does not want a light hidden inside a coloured silk duck or monkey. Plain shades of China silk or taffeta, of some soft colour which harmonises with the room, are the best. One needs shades to soften and concentrate the light, one does not want the light simply to show off a fantastic shade.



INDIRECT LIGHTING

A design of Messrs. Girdlestone's using a bowl of ground glass, decorated with flowers

(Continued on page 786)

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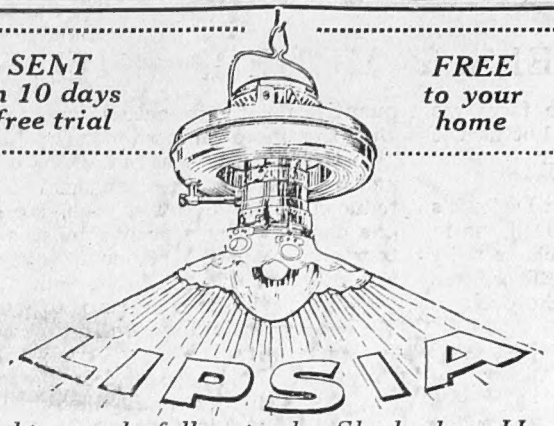
FREE to your home



Try this wonderfully simple Shadowless Hanging Lamp at our expense in your home

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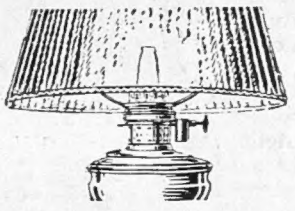
The "BRILLIANT" Upright Mantle table-lamp with Automatic Safety extinguisher. Burns Methylated and gives soft light of about 60 C.P., and the "KRONOS" of the same design but burns ordinary paraffin, giving beautiful light of about 80 C.P.

Price of either lamp, without shade **39/-**

For early delivery send your order to-day. Trade and Agency Enquiries invited.



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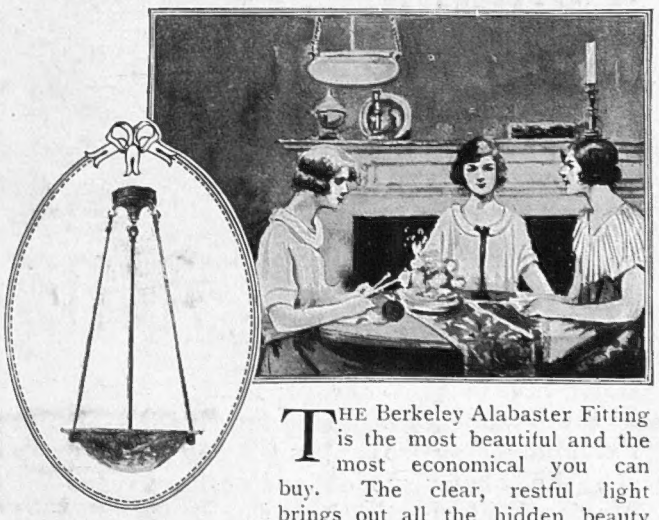

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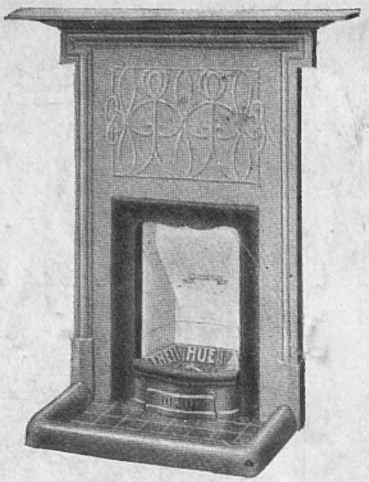
MODERN FUELS & MODERN STOVES



THE "HUE" FIRE

Is one of the simplest and cheapest ways of converting the old-fashioned wasteful grates into a modern barless stove. It can be made to fit into the space occupied by the old grate. All you have to do is to send a paper-pattern of the existing bottom grate. Made by Messrs. Young and Marten, Ltd.

IT is almost impossible to write a short article on cooking-stoves, let alone all the many modern stoves for heating. A mere list of them would take up all the space. Yet, like our modern lighting systems, they have all come within the space of a generation.

The late Lord Willoughby de Broke, who was born in 1869, describes in his autobiography that has just been published, the English country-kitchen as he remembered it, "the sirloin hanging by a chain slowly turning round and round, and being basted by the stout kitchen wench, whose face was quite as red and nearly as hot as the huge open fire in front of her."

THAT might equally be in Dickens's description of Dingley Dell, or in any book about English kitchens right back into the Middle Ages. There was the big open fire, cooking the cook as well as the meat, and as the old cooks say, "simply eating coal," and that was all. And now we have so many different kinds of stoves, with half-a-dozen different kinds of fuel, that the only difficulty is to choose between them. They all have the same superiority over the old kitchener. They are smaller and more compact. They are much more economical. They are easier to regulate. They are cleaner. They are much more comfortable to work at.

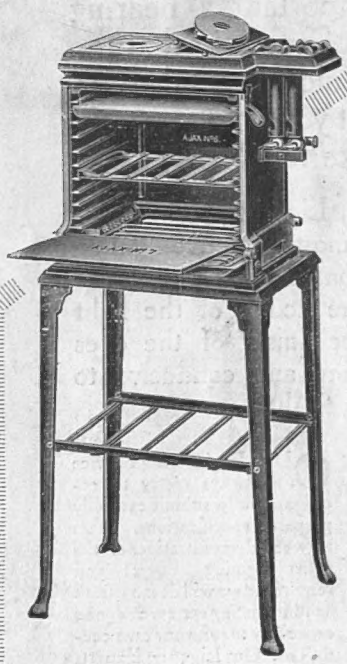
A UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC RANGE

Made by Messrs. L. G. Hawkins & Co. It is one of the advantages of electrical cooking that there are no fumes to impregnate the food

THE old cookery-books were content to advise a "moderate," a "hot," or a "very hot" oven, and there is no doubt that practice developed in cooks an instinct for the right heat, just as it developed an instinct for the right quantities without actual measuring. But the more modern cookery-books give the exact degrees of heat required, and by careful experiment this is being reduced to an exact science, so that one can now know such things as the temperature necessary for frying with the different kinds of fat, animal or vegetable, the temperature to which fruit must be raised when it is being cooked for bottling so as to be sterilised, and the different heat required for cooking by coal and gas. There are now, also, sets of thermometers, with different thermometers for the different kinds of cooking. This is the latest and a very interesting development in that scientific cooking which began with the modern stove, and which is of special value to the woman who has her own cooking to do, and has no time to acquire, by mistakes and long practice, the instincts of the old professional cook.

FIRST we have coal, and large and small cookers scientifically constructed, so that the heat can be concentrated where it is required and none is wasted—

(Continued on page 788)



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This money and labour-saving invention cooks the family dinner for six persons for a pennyworth of gas. Small and compact, yet with an exceptionally large oven space, it is a boon in flats, bungalows, and small houses. Its three specially designed **economy** burners work together or separately so that there can be **no waste**. It roasts, bakes, grills, fries and boils. Made for lifelong use; stands anywhere with safety and is attached as easily as a gas ring. Of all cookers, the Ajax is the cheapest to run, with the largest oven space, and most solid and lasting construction.

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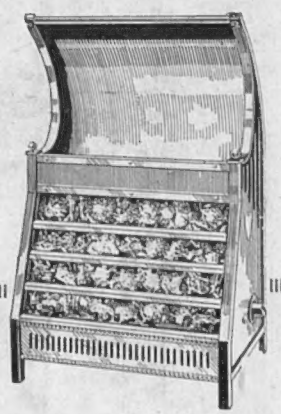

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